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No. 10.

Expect Great Things from God. Attempt Great Things for God.

Our Prayer Calendar for 1895 is now ready for distribution. There seems to be no longer any doubt that the Calendar has come to be a most important factor in carrying on our work. It has proved a strong reliance to our missionaries, and a tender bond of union among our workers both at home and abroad. It has found a welcome as a part of every-day life in many homes, and testimonies as to its value have been many and warm. We wish its circulation might be largely extended for the year to come. We make no appeal for it to be purchased as a duty or on sufferance; we present it as a blessing, to be shared by the many instead of the few. The price remains the same as last year, twenty-five cents, with five cents additional when sent by mail.

THE record of contributions for the month ending August 18th, showing an increase of about three hundred dollars as compared with the same month last year, brings a scrap of comfort in the midst of our anxieties. There has also been a slight increase in legacies, but the stubborn figures still confront us; thirteen thousand dollars beyond the usual donations to be raised before January 1st in order to reach the amount of last year. We rejoice that the officers of our Branches are alive to the situation, and we bespeak for them the hearty co-operation, not only of all the members of our auxiliaries, but of the Christian women in our churches. Is not the number very few of those who have an undoubted right to say, "I pray thee have me excused."

The story of personal suffering and deprivation resulting from the strikes will probably never be known, but one would not have expected them to have any relation, except in the most general way, to missionaries going to Micronesia. Yet such was the case. Miss Crosby's journal from the time of leaving Boston to the sailing of the Morning Star contains the following:—

Honolulu, July 14th.—This morning we woke to see the Australia steaming into harbor, and eagerly waited for the time to come when the long-looked-for mail would be distributed. But alas, and alas! We reached the post office, and no mail at all was to be found. The strike had deprived us of our last chance for letters, and now we cannot hear for another year. I am more sorry for the new missionaries than for myself. Mr. and Mrs. Price have a daughter who had left San Francisco for Oberlin, and they do not even know whether she reached there safely or not. I cannot write about it.

THE *British Weekly* of August 16th has the following notice of Dr. John G. Paton's farewell: "After ten months in Britain, undertaking work from which the stoutest might well have shrank, intent only on the one thing, and ever lovingly pleading the cause of his islanders, Dr. Paton has left our shores. . . . He returns in the confidence that he will now be able to extend the mission to some, at least, of the dark islands in the Northern New Hebrides. Two young missionaries from Scotland follow him next month to the islands, and other two, probably, next year. It is an open secret that the missionary's third son may probably follow in his father's footsteps, as the second son has done, as a missionary to the islands."

MRS. ISABELLA BIRD-BISHOP wrote some time ago that she was about to begin the ascent of a river in Korea of which little had hitherto been known, and it is hoped that she is now far away from the scenes of the fighting. She is taking this journey in the far East for purposes of geographical research, as well as to increase her knowledge of the needs in mission fields. It is a matter of profound regret to her friends in America, as well as in Great Britain, that her health is alarmingly frail.

IN Lady Somerset's paper, *The Woman's Signal*, of July 12th, there is a communication from Miss Jessie Ackerman, one of the round-the-world missionaries of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and president of the W. C. T. U. of Australia. Writing from Japan in regard to temperance work in that empire, Miss Ackerman says: "The unions established by Mrs. Leavitt are prospering. Two thousand pamphlets describing the work had been scattered over Japan to open my way. At Tokyo we had a ten days' mission, resulting in a temperance society of seven hundred native

men, since increased to two thousand, and an addition of two hundred members to the W. C. T. U. already formed there. The Japanese women have a temperance periodical in the vernacular, a dress-reform society, and a union for the higher education of women. An electric current of human love and effort, inaugurated by the American W. C. T. U. only fifteen years before, had girdled the world, and here in the antipodes was inspiring and guiding the hitherto comparatively objectless lives of our sisters in Japan. In speaking to the young women attending the missionary schools, I was very much impressed by their desire to do something to help to make the world good. And when I told them how the English-speaking girls were banded together in all sorts of noble enterprises, they were most anxious to undertake some kind of practical work. In no part of the world have I found the women so eagerly searching for the truth."

THERE is an Indian legend of a king who resolved to build the most beautiful palace ever erected on this earth. To this end he employed Jakoob, the builder, giving him a great sum of money and sending him away among the Himalayas, there to erect the wonderful palace. When Jakoob came to the place he found the people there suffering from a sore famine, and many of them dying. He took the king's money and all of his own and provided food for the starving multitude, thereby saving many lives. By and by the king came to see his palace, but found nothing done toward it. He sent for Jakoob, and learned why he had not obeyed his command. He was very angry, and cast him into prison, saying that on the morrow he must die. That night the king had a dream. He was taken to heaven, and there saw a wonderful palace—more wonderful than any he had ever beheld on earth. He asked what palace it was, and was told that it was built by Jakoob, the builder. In spending the king's money for the relief of suffering ones on the earth, he had reared this palace inside the gates of Heaven. The king awoke, and sending for the builder told him his dream, and pardoned him.

Miss Hance gives the following touching account of the death of one of the pupils in an outstation school not far from Esidumbini. She says:—

THIS is the first Christian funeral that has ever been there. The deceased was a girl about fourteen years old. For some time she has been in the inquirer's class, and could read nicely in the Testament. She was ill only about a week, and died a most triumphant death. When she saw the people weeping about her, she said: "Do not weep for me. I am not afraid to die. Jesus is my friend and my Saviour. Weep for yourselves, that you do not know and love him." She prayed much, and often spoke to those about her, urging them to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and forsake their sins.

The day of her death she seemed to feel how dreadful sin is, and how great in the eyes of the Lord, but that Jesus is able to save unto the uttermost. She said: "O Lord, I am not afraid to die. Let me die now, while all these people are here, that they may see that I trust thee, that I long to go and be with thee!" Again she said to the people: "Weep not for me; weep for yourselves, that you do not believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. O Lord, help them to believe!" They raised her up. She looked steadfastly toward heaven, and said, "Lord Jesus, come for me now, that I may be a witness for thee!" And, as she steadfastly looked and said nothing more, they laid her down, but she was not there. She had gone from the tired body, gone from the wailing heathen friends, gone from the smoky hut, gone to the home of many mansions. The father of this girl many years ago lived in this station with Mr. and Mrs. Tyler, but when he grew up went back into heathenism and married there. He never seemed quite able to shake off the influence of the truths he had been taught. Since I came here he has in many ways shown that he was seeking for the light. He has been very glad to have his children taught, and regularly attends all services held at that place; and when his daughter died he said that no joy had ever come to him so great as the thought that his child had died believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. We hope and trust that he too will become a follower of Him who came to seek and to save the lost and sinful in Africa, as well as those in America.

TURKEY.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY MRS. F. M. NEWELL.

At a few minutes past noon on July 10th, Constantinople was visited by an earthquake more severe than any recorded for nearly three hundred years. The wave extended over a vast region of country, wrecking thousands of houses, and causing much loss of life in the cities and villages along its way from Smyrna and Salonica to Adrianople.

A few seconds before it struck us here a loud, subterraneous rumbling was heard; then the earth began to shake, its movements increasing in violence several seconds, gradually subsiding to a slight quiver; the whole commotion lasting not more than thirty seconds. The oscillations were distinctly lateral. Many of the buildings of the capital were stout enough to resist the violence of the shock, which would have razed them had it been exerted in an equal degree vertically.

Almost instantly after the first shock the streets were full of men, women, and children, rushing in a maddened way, not knowing what to do to escape

from danger; the mingled cries and prayers which rent the air might well have been voices rising from Hades, and the terror and agony seen in the faces excelled that depicted by the brush of Michael Angelo in the Last Judgment. The clouds of dust from the falling masonry changed the mid-day glare of the city to funereal darkness.

A second shock, a few minutes later, sent the people running and screaming to the open squares, to escape the falling stones. The scene was made more tragic by the hundreds of men who came rushing wildly from the center of business near here. Even the diamond dealers did not stop to close the doors on their wares, but joined the panic-stricken crowd in the wild rush for life. Men hatless, with bleached faces, men with faces and clothes blackened with dirt, and men with blood pouring from ugly flesh wounds, helped to make up the crowd running in haste from the market gate, and was the first notice we had of the disaster which had been wrought in the Grand Bazaar. The extent of the calamity known, the panic did not seem altogether unjustifiable, for the shock alone was enough to fill the stoutest heart with a terrible sense of insecurity.

Although the shock was sufficient on both sides the Golden Horn to send the inhabitants of Constantinople into the streets, the old town, Stamboul, suffered most in the visitation. Sections of the historic walls are in ruins, in some cases burying houses and people in their fall. In Gedik Pasha, the quarter where we live, scarcely a house has escaped injury, and large numbers are rendered uninhabitable.

At the Grand Bazaars of Stamboul the fatalities were greatest. The Bazaars contain several miles of open booths, or Oriental stores, arranged on either side of narrow streets, all under one roof, with only six gates of exit. Ten thousand men are employed, most of them proprietors.

Without a moment's warning, whole sections of these domes and arched roofs of stone and masonry were let down thirty feet on the pavement below, at noon, when the Bazaars are always crowded with visitors, and the wonder is that the death rate was not greater than is now believed. It is not known how many perished, but it is estimated that more than a thousand bodies have been recovered from this center alone. The gates were locked and guarded to protect life from the loosened masonry which fell at every earthquake, and also to protect the property from thieves, who were quickly on hand plying their trade. Inside, detachments of men from the government were engaged in the rescue, and late as Sunday men were taken out alive.

Hospitals were filled with the wounded. Streets were piled with débris, and architects appointed by the government examined the houses, pulling down those condemned, to prevent further disaster.

Business was suspended, and the people were living out of doors in the gardens, cemeteries, and open squares of the city. The Sultan issued rations of bread, and an attempt was being made to scatter the crowds. Huddled together in fear, without proper sanitary conditions, shelter, and food, everything was favorable for a new outbreak of cholera, of which our city now has a clean record. Many people were homeless and penniless, and those who had houses left were not willing to go into them while the tremblings of the earth continued at intervals of every few hours.

The house here at Gedik Pasha in which our mission work centers is a solid structure of heavy stone and brick, more than sixty feet square, and five stories high, with walls three feet thick. Not a room in the house remains intact; three of the chimneys were toppled off to the roof; windows and frames together were thrown out, tons of plastering and masonry were displaced, and the walls from top to bottom were wrenched and cracked.

Miss Sheldon, one of the American teachers of Adabazar, who was temporarily my guest, and I, had been in the Grand Bazaar all the morning, making school purchases; a few minutes before the crash we left the very quarter where the ruin was the greatest; on reaching home we went directly to the third story, and were just seated to read over home letters, which had come in, when we heard a noise as the roar of a terrible whirlwind approaching. I am timid at earthquakes. One came, not long ago, while I was sitting on the roof; high up one gets a severer rocking, besides feeling greater insecurity, and it does not take a heavy shock since to send me flying down the stairs, to await near the door the second shock which often follows,—so at the very first note of danger we beat a hasty retreat. Although we were well on our way when the house began to vibrate, it was soon rocking so fearfully we made the descent of the last flight of stairs with difficulty. Once in the street the scene of distress which met me seemed to remove all consciousness of fear, and the prominent emotion ever since has been profound gratitude to God for the loving mercy which kept us entirely from harm. Had we been in our favorite corner in the sitting room we should have been instantly killed. We left our seat in that upper guest chamber just in time to escape the danger from a heavy cornice which fell there. During our flight down we were not hit by the débris which fell before and behind us, and we were detained from passing out into the street long enough to be saved injury from the shower of brick and stone which came down all around our door. Had we possessed foreknowledge of the calamity to overtake our city, we could not have planned better for our special work. Our school was a few days before dismissed for the summer vacation; the débris in the garden tells us plainly that death would have been dealt to some of our

two hundred children,—who would have been in the garden for noon recess at that hour, if school had been in session,—for there was no time for escape from the shower of stone. There are the wounded, the sick ones, and those made helpless through fear, all needing care, and I am glad I am not in the country, where this season usually finds me. This event has been a strange leveler, the rich and the poor sitting together on a common plane, and all interested in what the Bible tells us about eternal things, which sometimes, these last days, have not seemed very far away. Miss Jones has gone to Switzerland, and with our faithful Belshazzar I am left alone. The first four nights the throbbings of the earth were so violent we slept in the garden.

From the four sides of our mission house we look out on solid rows of houses where we have been accustomed to see friendly faces by day, and lamps shining in every window at night. All are deserted now,—not a sound; even the street dogs have fled, and a hush has fallen on this whole quarter as if all of life had suddenly gone out. As I go about the rooms I often find myself unconsciously stepping softly, as if in presence of the dead. —*The New Hampshire Journal.*

INDIA.

GUNGABAI, THE LOWEST, PROMOTED TO THE HIGHEST.

“Ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty. . . . Even unto them will I give in mine house and within my walls a place and a name better than of sons and of daughters.”

GUNGABAI, our Bible woman, was very faithful in her work of instructing others in the blessed truths of our holy religion, and more than that, she lived up to her precepts. When the Lord laid his hand upon her in sickness, the neighbors and others hoped she would get well again and once more go up to the temple of the Lord, where she had great delight. One old man remarked, “Whether she lives or dies, God will not let her lack for anything.” At last, as the disease grew more serious from week to week and from month to month, hope was given up that she would ever be well here. She bore testimony to all who came and went of God’s sustaining grace, and when we spoke of the glories of the heavenly home she would nod a decided assent. One day I was saying to her that there was no sickness or sorrow over there. Slowly but distinctly she added, “And—no—more—death.” The death messenger deferred his coming till Gungabai was very weary, though not complaining, and she would inquire, “When will my day come?” Last Saturday morning I said to her that we must suffer here all the will of

the Lord, and then we should enter the eternal rest. Afterwards she seemed to follow me in a few words of prayer, as I asked the Lord not to let the waters overflow when she passed through. Even then her hands were cold. She had come to the brink of Jordan, but the waters were shallow. When she closed her eyes there was the pallor of death on her face, and it was evident that she had received a token from the King. I could hardly bear to leave her on this, "her high day."

At noon, or a little after, the brother came to say that she whom he had tended so faithfully was gone. I said, "You would not have kept her here in pain?" "No," he answered; "her end was peace, great peace."

Thoughts of the departed one crowd upon me as I write. With what fervor would she habitually pray, and when she had some new phase of truth presented to her, how would she rejoice in it as a means of grace more precious than silver and gold! The word of Christ dwelt in her richly, making her neither barren nor unfruitful in the Master's vineyard. I shall long associate with her one or two of the illustrations which I translated off-hand in our women's meeting. One was the following: Almost any person will allow that we commit at least one sin daily in word, deed, and thought. If three sins in one day, how many in a year? How many in an ordinary lifetime? I worked out the problem on the blackboard, and for a long time those figures seemed staring in the face of the Christian women. But no one was oppressed as was Gungabai with this new setting forth of man's desperate need of salvation. "There is none righteous, no, not one." At another time I was translating a story called "Measuring Day." There was something peculiar about it, and more forceful in Marathi than English. As I went on to speak of the base being exalted and the high being made low, a touch of "Alice in Wonderland" irresistibly provoked us all to smile, save Gungabai. She was quite sober from beginning to end, and for days afterwards seemed possessed with the solemn thought. "The others laughed," she said; "I could have cried." At last, noting the impression it had made on her mind, I told her my daughter would have it better translated for her children's paper, and then she could read it again. It was printed, but she had not the strength to read it when it came. It was read to her just before her own summons to be present upon "Measuring Day" in the Father's home above.

But perhaps our most touching reminiscence of Gungabai concerns a day when she saw more of the "wide, wide world" than she had ever seen before. On my way to Poona I took her with me as far as the railway station, that the longing of her heart to look upon a train of cars might be satisfied. I told her it would be no waste of time, for she would, very likely, find

some one to talk with about the things of God. Overjoyed, she took her seat in the *tonga* by the side of the Mohammedan driver, and I soon saw that she was engaged in conversation with him, while he, by nodding assent now and then, was willing she should have a monopoly of the talk. She was one that could glide imperceptibly from temporal to eternal things, and as she became more spirited I heard her say: "Now, madam-sahib has brought me these ten miles to see the railway. Do you think when we get there that she will leave me to my own resources, and let me find my way back as best I can?" Yes or no was about the same to the sleepy driver, but Gungabai said with emphasis, "No, indeed; she will provide for my return. She will not do half-way work; neither will our Lord Jesus Christ." Then followed a gospel talk, and so the time passed till we could see the station in the distance. Soon we were there, and taking along our luggage with us we entered the waiting-room. Gungabai began to be as one dazed, there were already so many new things to take up her attention. But when the train actually came, and she saw it moving along like a thing of life, saw us take our seats in one of the compartments, and realized that we would go all the way to Poona for one rupee, she was so carried away with the greatness of the idea that "there was no more spirit in her," I might almost have said. At least, I was glad just then to see some of our preachers coming in another direction, so that she was not left entirely to the tender mercies of the driver, though I, of course, had paid her return fare. She began to cry before we had started, and I begged her to take some food. No; she was not hungry, but to think of the wonderful works of God and man; this had made her weak. How the plodding oxen would have labored for days to go a journey of a hundred miles, she said, and here the train was moving off so easily!

We promised ourselves the pleasure of giving Gungabai a ride on the railway some time, especially as nothing seemed able to efface the deep impression made that day upon her mind. But the opportunity was never given us. Instead, we could only talk together of another, more wondrous journey. "Do you remember, Gungabai, how you longed to travel in the *ag-gadi*?" I asked her one day. "Think how much more delightful to be carried by the angels; and better, far better than any glimpse of this world is the glory that is to be revealed above. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.'" She expressed assent, and who can doubt that a bright celestial escort at last attended her to the presence of the King. She who was by birth an outcast,—regarded in India as "not," "nought," or "just nothing at all,"—perhaps even now hears things unutterable to mortals, and holds sweet converse with loved ones gone before who have "washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

We remember that Gungabai once said that if she should die it would be like the going out of a lamp in that community. So it has been; but we pray that other lamps may be lighted there, and that God may not be left without a witness. To-day I went to the home where she had spent so many years,—a pretty little native house, for Gungabai was clean inwardly and outwardly—but it did not seem the same with the tenant gone. However, we found the friends most ready to hear us, and some of them are already beginning to say that Gungabai's God must be their God. In the civil hospital near by, the poor, diseased patients have learned to watch eagerly for their Christian friend; but she has gone that way whence she will not return to talk, and sing, and pray by their bedsides. Her death must have been precious in the sight of the Lord; and shall not we, at the thought of such as Gungabai, washed and sanctified amidst the throng that surround the throne, confess that "the foolishness of God is wiser than men" in bringing many sons and daughters to glory, and honor, and praise through the redemption that is in Christ?

MRS. H. P. BRUCE.

SATARA, INDIA.

MICRONESIA.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF MRS. G. A. GARLAND.

Jaluit, September, 2d.—We anchored at Jebwar, the German colony, at 9 A. M. to-day, and the German doctor, tall and blond, came out to see that we were not dangerous. You know we are obliged to show a yellow flag at the foremast when we come into port if we have no sickness on board. Lailemon, who, you remember, was taken away from Mejj by order of the commissioner, came out and brought the news that Lanien had been taken from Mejuro three months ago, and was still in prison here, his wife and family having been left at Mejuro.

Thomas has been to Mejuro from Arno, held communion service, and received twenty-two into the church. Moreover, Jeremiah says that the Jaluit church grows stronger, and he marvels that the Lord is so prospering his work here while all the time the hindrances and trials seem to be multiplying on the islands. This church has been made to pay the passage money of these teachers who were removed from other places by the commissioner.



MARSHALL ISLAND BOYS AND COCOANUT TREES.

Mrs. Pease told Jeremiah not to let this trouble him,—this confiscation of the contribution money,—for the Lord knew all about it. The captain and Dr. Pease went ashore to see the commissioner. He is a man of about forty, pleasant in speech, but extremely nervous. He released Lanien, saying that his term of three months expired to-day. No one but Capelle's wife had been to see Lanien. Jeremiah had twice asked permission and been refused. Lanien had not even been allowed time to go and tell his family what was to be done with him before he was brought away from Mejuro. His wife knew nothing of it until some one carried her the news. The commissioner wanted another interview this afternoon, but Dr. Pease wished to spend the Sabbath at the mission, so it was arranged that we should go to Imroj now and return on Tuesday. When the boat came out from shore, great was the delight of every one to see Lanien, and you can imagine that our greetings were warm on both sides. Lanien is in good spirits. He had his Marshall Testament in his hand, and Mrs. Pease asked him if he was lonely in prison, or if it seemed a good time for prayer and reading. He looked down at his Bible, and quickly replied, "Oh, it was a good time to teach me many things."

Wednesday, September 6th.—It seems as though the atmosphere had cleared wonderfully. Yesterday was an eventful day. We crossed the lagoon again to Jebwar in the morning, and some of us felt as if almost going to execution, we knew so much depended on the interview with the "Komissar." Hardly had we anchored when a German boat came from shore bringing a policeman, who called for Lanien, saying that he was wanted on shore. Poor Lanien was quite overcome. He is feeling so weak physically from his last trial that he had no courage to meet a fresh one. He wanted to bid every one good-bye, declaring he should never see us again. Dr. Pease and the captain went ashore as soon as possible, and Mrs. Pease, Miss Hoppin and I met in my room to pray that the way might be made clear before them, and that they might be guided in all their intercourse. The scholars seemed to realize that this interview with the authorities meant much to them, and sat about the decks in sober little groups.

Soon after noon I spied the boat leaving the shore, and watched with the glass until I could recognize Lanien and a laugh on the captain's face; then I felt sure all must be well. As the captain came up the gangway I asked, "What is it?" He answered, with a laugh, "The islands mustn't keep Fourth of July any more." And so the great roaring lions in the way had their mouths stopped when we reached them. The principal trouble has evidently been a feeling of jealousy on the part of the commissioner, who



A MICRONESIAN PASTOR (THOMAS) AND HIS FAMILY,

said very plainly that the natives always put what Dr. Pease said before German authority. He was willing that Dr. Pease should place teachers where he pleased, and take as many scholars as he wished, provided he would first obtain special permission. The last exhibition had been held on the Fourth of July, and had been made quite a festive occasion, the schools gathering at Imroj from all the islets of the lagoon. This was a particular grievance to the commissioner, who thought it unseemly that the people should in any way observe an American national holiday.

Mejuro, September 19th.—We anchored at Mejuro to-day, and Lanien lost no time in getting on shore in the morning.

My latest acquaintance in the way of "grandchildren" must, I think, be acknowledged as the most interesting. This afternoon when the boat came out from shore, there sat Linina, looking up with her face all a-laugh as she saw me on the deck, waving her hand, and the hand of a chubby baby in her lap, who laughed and crowed. Linina is her old demonstrative self. As soon as she reached the deck she rushed at me and threw her arms about me, laughing and exclaiming. "Where is the baby?" I asked. "Oh, I gave him to his father to hold; but didn't you see how he laughed and danced in my lap when he saw you? He recognized his grandmother, for I have told him all about you," she said with a merry laugh. Then she grew suddenly sober, and stroked my face, saying that it never used to be so thin, and had I been very sick? And then she went for Clarence, and handed him to me with great satisfaction. He was such a great armful, but a pretty baby, with a jolly laugh and a strong little body, whose chubby feet would go continually climbing up me. He is such a fair, clean baby, too, that it is a comfort to cuddle and kiss him. You know he was born on my birthday. His mamma amuses me by her wise, important airs. Her baby had a prettily made little dress, and in the cool of the evening there was a flannel wrapper for extra warmth. He was duly and decently undressed and attired in a white nightgown at dark, and his mamma sang English songs to him until he was asleep. Altogether, Mrs. Pease said she thought I had reason to be proud of my married "daughter."

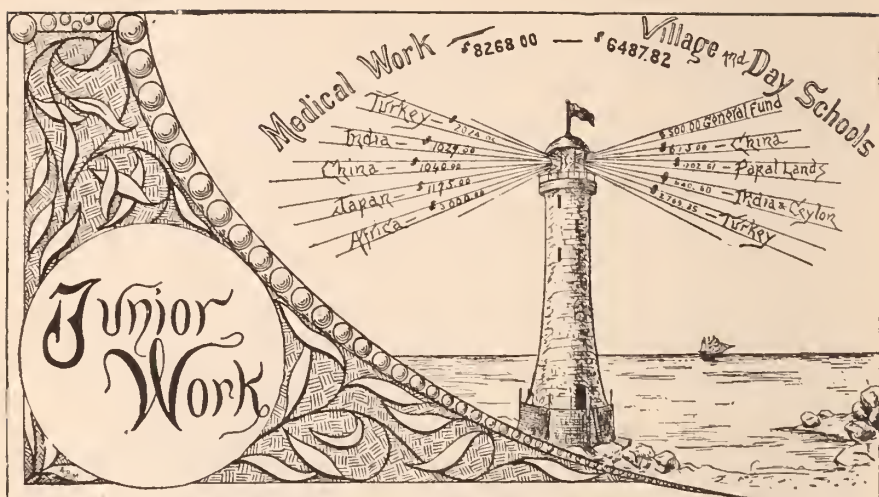
Mille Lagoon, Friday, October 6th.—Mrs. Pease told us that the meeting this forenoon was a remarkably large one, the people having gathered from other islets in anticipation of the communion service next Sabbath. Leglairik, in looking over the year, spoke very humbly of his own work, saying that he was only an ordinary man, with no power or ability of his own, but that through the goodness and power of God he and his charge have had a happy and prosperous year. As a result of his labors twenty are to unite with the church next Sunday. Jeremiah talked simply and beau-

tifully, as always, to the people. You would like to hear how he referred to the departure of the Peases. First I must tell you, in explanation of his simile, that the Marshall canoes are provided with a large mat sail, of which the greatest care is taken in order to preserve it, a heavy sheath, or sail, being made of leaf to slip over this sail when it is furled to keep it from the sun and rain. This case is called the *atro*. Jeremiah said: "We are like a sail without any *atro*, for you know the condition of a sail without any *atro*. The rain falls on it and the sun beats on it, and before long it is rotten and useless. But shall we sit and grieve because our *atro* is taken away? Oh, no; for we have a better *atro*—Christ!" Then he went on enlarging upon this idea.

Though I have seen but little of Jeremiah since he has been with us, yet it has been a comfort just to know that he was on board. What a blessed old saint he is! To-day I asked the captain to find him for me just before we reached port, and he came to see me for a little while. In speaking of my leaving Micronesia, he said: "Do not think you will ever be forgotten by us. We cannot forget you, who have been brought to us by the love of Christ, and who have been our friend. You are our friend, and we shall remember you just as though we could see your faces."

Namu, October 16th.—Mrs. Pease says that if one wants to see poverty and starvation, he should come to Namu. The people are all thin and gaunt in appearance. There is little breadfruit at any time, and now that is out of season. There is no pandanus ripe, and the people must subsist on old cocoanuts and fish, which are not very good here. Even the cocoanuts are *tabu* (forbidden) at times, when the cobra is being made for the taxes or the chiefs. When they are confined to the cocoanut as an article of diet, it after a while produces nausea and seasickness. Many of the fish, too, in this lagoon are poisonous, and cannot be eaten with impunity until one has become accustomed to them.

The chiefs make things no better on these poorer islands, for they are oppressive, and exact so much from the people it seems a wonder that they manage to live. Only last week the chief Loiak came up with his boat and carried away all that people had and might have used for barter; cocoanuts, mats, prepared arrowroot, etc. Poor miserable people! Between the Germans and their own chiefs' life is made burdensome for them. They have had no school, Nierik says, since July because they are so hungry. Most of them are so poor as to have only one dress or shirt, and when that one article of apparel is worn out the wearer drops out of his place at meeting. So the services have not been so well attended lately. Is it not distressing to see so much want and yet be unable to relieve it?



— To give light to them that sit in darkness Luke 1:77 —

HER OFFERING.

THE lock was out of order, so it was a long, cold minute before the door could be opened. Even though she lived in one room and a closet, Miss Randilla Banks felt a glad sense of home-coming every time she conquered that unruly lock.

She lit her lamp and looked about her. On the floor lay an envelope that somebody had slipped under the door. Miss Banks picked it up, and tried to guess what it contained before she lit her oil stove and put her supper on to cook. How frugal was that supper they can guess who, after a hard day's work, have cooked lonely suppers over an oil stove.

Miss Banks sat down to wait for the cooking and examined the envelope. It contained a stirring appeal for the cause of missions, and the statement that the treasury was empty. Also a little envelope to contain Miss Banks' thank offering to be given at the praise meeting on Sunday night. It was then Saturday evening.

Miss Banks was a seamstress; but for the last three years repeated attacks of rheumatism and grip had left her little strength for work. The last sickness had eaten up her small bank account; now she lived from hand to mouth. She was a tall, spare woman, with old age thinning and whitening her hair. Some people made unkind remarks about her homely appearance.

' Yes, my heroine was poor, and homely, and old ; but to Him who looketh on the heart, she was rich, beautiful, and immortal. Poor, and homely, and old, yet her taste in giving was royal. She would like to pour gold into the Lord's treasury ; she would like to heap diamonds and rubies at the feet of him who had been her stay and comfort through long years of poverty and sorrow.

After supper Miss Banks laid her week's earnings on the table. The money was in small change ; one-tenth of it she put by itself as the Lord's share,—it would just pay her pew rent. No thank offering could come out of that. The remainder she separated into little piles ; so much for room rent, so much for coal, and the rest for food. A very small amount of food would it purchase, but Miss Banks knew to a cent's worth how much food she would be obliged to eat during the coming week. From her food money she took a bright dime. Could she give that ?

As she asked herself the question she heard an ominous click, and a long crack went half way down the lamp chimney. It might last another week, but likely not. Then she must have a bar of soap ; she had forgotten that. No ; Randilla Banks could not afford even a ten-cent thank offering. Neither could she afford strength for a "good cry," though five or six tears did roll down her sallow cheeks, for she knew the importance of mission work, and sighed as she thought of the empty treasury. But what could she do to help the work of her beloved church ?

Nothing, apparently, nothing but to go to her Bible, to her chapter,—the fifty-fourth of Isaiah.

How Miss Banks wished that the words "old maid" might have been put in the Bible, at least once ! There was plenty of comfort for widows, she thought, but that did not belong to her. So she hunted for promises for the desolate and solitary.

Then this solitary soul turned to the Psalms, in search of something suited to one who was too poor to give even a dime thank offering.

"Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee,"—and sustain even the burden of his work, she thought. "Thou tellest my wanderings ; put thou my tears into thy bottle ; are they not in thy book ?" One of Miss Banks' tears had fallen on the thank-offering envelope. There it lay, a little damp spot, just where she would have been glad to write ten dollars. Would God accept that salty tear for a thank offering ? Then Miss Banks thought of the "golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of the saints." Like a whisper from the Holy Spirit came the words, "I have surely seen the affliction of my people in Egypt, and have heard their cry, for I know their sorrows. And I am come down to deliver them."

Surely God might do something to deliver his Church in answer to her "cry." Unmindful of her rheumatism she got down on her knees, and I wish every other member of the church could have heard her prayer.

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That Saturday evening, in another house on another street, in a cozy room sat another woman alone. She, too, held in her hand a thank-offering envelope, the counterpart of the one Miss Banks had found awaiting her. It was still empty, though the other hand held an open pocket-book, whose contents had evidently just been examined, and consisted of two silver quarters and a dime, besides two twenty-dollar bills.

"I must remember to ask Fred for a dollar or two. Of course, I suppose I could put in this change, and let it go at that, but I shouldn't like any one to know that I had given so little.

"I know just what I shall do with these two bills," mused their complacent owner, as she spread them out in her lap. "This one will buy me a new fall jacket; the new cape collars are so handsome it is sure to be ever so much more becoming to me than the one I bought last fall. Dear me, what a shame that styles change so often! I really never wore that jacket a dozen times; but I do like to have my clothes modern.

"The other bill," continued the speaker, soliloquizing, "will buy the hat I admired at Madame Dupre's opening. I know that I have always said that it was a shame to put so much money into a hat, but that is a beauty, and I mean to indulge for this once."

So saying, the envelope and money were slipped into this fortunate woman's purse and the whole matter forgotten, as a telegram came saying "Fred" had been called out of the city, and would not be home before Monday. As she made ready for church the next evening she suddenly bethought herself of the thank offering, and with a half-guilty flush of mortification that the offering was to be so little, she hastily placed the silver pieces in the envelope and sealed the end, slipping both into her pocket book with the comforting thought: "Oh, well, no one will know the difference, for there is no way of identifying the gifts; as no names are used. I forgot to select a text, but never mind; it will have to go as it is. It is rather a shabby gift for a thank offering, I am afraid, but I'll make it up next time."

It had been decided by those having the matter in charge that the collection should be taken up from one aisle at a time, and after the envelopes thus gathered had been opened, the texts read, and the money put in the receptacle awaiting it, there should be a hymn and responsive reading while the envelopes from the contributors in the next aisle were being gathered up. Miss Banks sat in the second aisle,—there were but three,—and it chanced

that her envelope was the last to be opened of those gathered in that section. The minister opened it to find it quite empty save for a bit of paper, from which he read: "It grieved me to think that no coin of mine could be counted among other offerings to-night, and I was tempted to bitterness of soul because of this, when the thought came that I could make an offering of prayer. Falling upon my knees, I asked that it might be the happy privilege of some one else to make a double offering because to me has been denied the privilege to give at all. That I might not dishonor God by unworthy doubts that he would answer my prayer, I have chosen for my text, 'O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt.'"

There was a little silence after the pastor sat down. Many who had given even liberally remembered suddenly that there had been no odor of prayer about their gift. It was but a moment that the silence lasted, but it was long enough for the arrow of conviction, shot from a shaft in God's own hand, to pierce the heart of one who sat at the end of the aisle down which the collectors were now coming. With fingers trembling with eagerness she tore open the end of an envelope she held in her hand, shook out the dime and two quarters which it held, and tucked in their place two twenty-dollar bills, while she hastily penciled the words, "To go with the envelope which held the prayer, if God will accept it from one who was selfishly tempted to give a few coins of little value instead." None in the congregation knew who had made the offering, but as the pastor unrolled the bills and read the lines that accompanied them, and then with tender emotion asked for a blessing on the two who had thus made a special heart-offering, tears stood in the eyes of more than one, but into two hearts had stolen the peace which God grants to those who seek to do his will.—*A. B., in Woman's Missionary Magazine.*

FOR CHILDREN'S MEETINGS.—TWO NOBLE LIVES, MRS. HARRIET NEWELL AND MISS ELIZA AGNEW.

BY MRS. JAMES L. HILL.

It would be hard to tell which one of the two heroines we study to-day did more for the missionary cause, the one who, in freely giving up her young life as a sacrifice without being able to do anything in her longed-for field of labor, aroused all womanhood to a new devotion to the extension of Christ's kingdom among the darkened nations, or the other, who devoted her long and useful life to the Lord's work in a strange land, remaining at her

post of duty for over forty years without ever returning home. Both of these persons possessed the truest missionary spirit in circumstances utterly diverse.

Harriet Newell became a Christian when she was only thirteen years old. The aged clergyman of Bradford said of her, "That child will do more to induce youth to come to Christ than I can."

She takes ship from Salem in the Caravan, for Asia. On her voyage she writes: "Scarcely a night passes but I dream of my dear mother and brothers and sisters. My sleeping hours are pleasant." Turning away from India she writes, "I shall go far away without one single female companion." At the age of nineteen, having experienced but one short month in her much-coveted field of labor, her life is completed. From the Isle of France her message to her home friends is: "Tell them, assure them, that I approve, on my dying bed, the course I have taken. I have never repented leaving all for Christ." Her husband writes: "Oh Harriet, Harriet, in a strange land, without one friend to weep with me, I followed her, a solitary mourner, to the grave under the shade of an evergreen."

Suggest to the boys and girls the vast difference between going as a missionary when Harriet Newell went, and going to the same country to-day.

Was the Woman's Board formed when she set sail? Were there any mission circles? How long had the American Board itself been formed? (Less than two years.) Had any American at that time ever been on a mission to the heathen? Were the love and the knowledge of foreign missions as widespread as they are now? Was it possible to go by steamboats then? (The first steamships which made regular trips across the Atlantic were in 1830. This was in 1812.) For how many days did she see nothing but sky and water? (One hundred and fourteen days.) Did the British Company, which governed India, allow them to enter? Is it easy to enter India now? Can missionaries more easily return home now than eighty years ago? (Do not fail to have the children realize what a heroic thing it was for this young lady to start out in the face of such obstacles and under such depressing circumstances.) See leaflet, "Harriet Newell," or Mission Studies in Many Lands, page 149; also Lesson Leaflet for October.

Eliza Agnew was but eight years old when she resolved that she would be a foreign missionary. Her interest was aroused by the teacher of a day school, who pointed out to her pupils the heathen and the Christian lands. The little girl who became the first pupil in the school at Oodooville, Jaffna, of which she was so long the teacher, was sitting one day on the steps when a terrific storm came up, and she took refuge in the mission house. When she went home the next morning she found her father very angry, because she had lost caste. He said: "You have eaten the missionaries' rice. Go

back to them; be their child hereafter." Miss Agnew was called by the natives "the mother of a thousand daughters," for more than a thousand girls had been her pupils.

In what direction from India is Ceylon? In Jaffna the first convert to Christianity under the American Board was found. In what direction from Ceylon (though counted a part of the same country) are the "long, low islands" of Jaffna? The largest of these islands is often called the "peninsular of Jaffna," because of a sand bar which extends to Ceylon. See *Mission Studies*, July, 1894, and "Seven Years in Ceylon," by the Misses Leitch, page 116.

A BEAUTIFUL mite box has recently been issued by the Committee on Junior Work as a companion to the Covenant. The design, which was made for us by a kind friend of the work, has been very tastefully executed by L. Prang & Co. The passion-flower vine around the sides, the key upon the top, and the apt quotations, all suggest the Covenant. We are confident that the box will fill a real need felt by our young ladies. It is sold at five cents, postage paid. Apply to Miss A. R. Hartshorn, 1 Congregational House, Boston.

Our Work at Home.

THE SPIRIT OF THE THANK OFFERING.

BY MRS. MERRILL E. GATES.

THE thank offering is the final and consummate expression of the believing heart. It is the highest outward form of the deepest inner trust. It is the smile of the soul when looking in the face of its Redeemer. It is the flower we venture to lay at the feet of God. The spirit of the thank offering is the spirit of the one who offers it.

The thank offering flows from a joyous spirit.

All thankfulness is joy. In the thank offering we put into substantial form the keenest, deepest feeling of which the soul is capable,—the emotion of joy,—and present it to God. In it we give our joy to God. The moment we are thankful that moment we become happy. The moment we express thankfulness that moment we increase it. A thank offering increases our happiness, not according to the intrinsic value of the gift we make, but in accordance with the force of the inner feeling of which the gift is the outward expression. An artesian well brings deep, underlying waters to the surface of the earth. The value of the shaft is not in itself, but in the plenteous-

ness of the unseen, rock-hidden waters to which it is the outlet. In Deuteronomy the sixteenth chapter and the eleventh verse we find the close connection between the "free-will" offering and joy. If God has made us happy in our family, in our circumstances, in our inner life, we may increase that happiness by a thank offering to him.

Thank offerings flow from a sweetened spirit.

When we are in a bitter, defiant, selfish, or even an indifferent mood we do not give blessed gifts of love and gratitude. Something must have softened and sweetened us when we feel like giving expression to our loving gratitude to God in this way. Nor is it when we are anxious to exact all we can for ourselves that the thank offering seems to us most beautiful and most desirable. It is when we wonder that we, so unworthy, should have so much; when we see the kindness of others to us; when our daily common mercies become to us daily renewed miracles; when each morning begins in true charity with all the world, and when the ruffled spirit is soothed each evening by the gentle shelter of the wings of the Dove of Peace. If we have a sweet and loving inner mood it is due to the Spirit of all Grace. It is sweet to acknowledge this to Him by some thankful gift known only to ourselves.

The thank offering is the impulse of a spontaneous spirit.

Spontaneity is the essential element of the thank offering. It is that characteristic without which it would not be what it is. Self-sacrifice is not the primary principle of this kind of gift. Gratitude is the spring—self-sacrifice is usually the means—of a thank offering. In a free spirit we "offer precious things simply because they are precious." We may give them, or we may not give them. "If any man give . . . it shall be of his free will." Thank offerings are not commanded even by God. It is because they are the spontaneous impulse of our own hearts, say rather of the Holy Spirit in our hearts, that they have value and keep their specific character. Must we, then, force ourselves to thankfulness? Shall we not by doing so mar our gift, and deprive it of that which makes a thank offering at all,—its purely spontaneous, voluntary nature? Evidently if we are not in the mood for thank offerings we must consider those things which cause gratitude, that it may spring up within us. There must be a fountain before there can be an overflow. The delight we may feel in purely spontaneous giving is like in kind, we may hope, to that which our Lord felt when he said, "I delight to do thy will, O God!" Allied to the freeness of the gift is its simplicity, its singleness. It seems to proceed from an unmixed and pure motive, and no doubt this is one cause of its acceptableness to God.

Thank offerings come from a chastened spirit.

It seems a paradox to say that our purest thank offerings are the offspring of our deepest sorrows. But oftenest in the nighttime of bereavement, or under the shadow of our own or others' sins and failures, or under the cloud of any burden or sorrow, our eyes become more sensitive, and we discern causes for gratitude which we never saw before.

Astronomers, we are told, bandage their eyes for a time before a total eclipse of the sun, to render them most sensitive to those evanescent, aerial streamers from the sun's corona that fly their gauzy banners far out into unmeasured space when the great disc is darkened. So God binds a trial or a sorrow over our hearts, that, shut away for a time from glaring light, we may detect thereafter, with quickened, strengthened vision, the more delicate heavenly phenomena of our lives. At such times we see mysteries of God's love and power in the guidance of our lives which in the dimness of our ordinary vision we do not perceive, and for which we fail to give thanks. Was it not in a "great trial of affliction that out of the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty the Macedonian church abounded unto the riches of their liberality"?

Thank offerings are the impulse of hearts that love Jesus.

Is it an illusion that Jesus loves us, bears our sins, unites us in immortal bonds to himself and to his Father? Is the power of His name to change men's hearts an illusion? It is the glorious truth, and we love it and believe it! This is the very deepest, the only perennial spring of our impulse to give to God. We live in His smile because we are "in His Son." Therefore we are thankful; therefore we are happy! Our gratitude is in exact proportion to our realization of God's love to us; it could never be in proportion to that love itself. What His love signifies to us brings out our love in return, and at the same time calls from us the expression of our love by such gifts as it is in our power to make. What has the knowledge of Jesus been to us in our lives? What thank offering could equal our appreciation of it?

Thank offerings spring from faith in the Unseen.

They are witnesses that Jesus is a living, glorious Person. Our faith sees Him, believes that he has a work now going on in the world, aids that work by an offering of our love, and thus faith is transformed into deed. Christian life consists in turning faith into fact, belief into benefaction, gratitude into gift. The effects of such gifts on ourselves is to objectify our belief and make it more real. Every thank offering—our own or others—is a tangible evidence to ourselves and to the world of actual belief in an unseen Saviour and in his work. We make to ourselves friends of "the mammon of unrighteousness" by all such gifts to God.

The thank offering flows from what is immortal in us.

There is something of a heavenly and perpetual nature in the thank offering. We shall, throughout our unending life, feel thankfulness and the impulse to express it. What the modes of expression will be we cannot now forecast, but no doubt they will be as beautiful and varied as that all-glorious life itself. Are not our thank offerings put to an eternal use when they flow into missionary channels? And what a wonderful transformation is that which changes our joy and gratitude into soul life for those who know not Jesus! Into every gift of our thankful hearts some or all of these elements of joy, sweetness, freedom, trust, and immortality enter. A gift fragrant with such spiritual qualities cannot fail to please God. Perhaps the Holy Spirit may suggest to us that by self-denial we can offer to Him one or more of these exotics of heavenly origin this year, this month, this day.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

My Life and Times. By Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., missionary in Turkey, author of "Among the Turks," etc. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society, 1893. Pp. 538. Price, \$2.50.

This autobiography of a life of extraordinary versatility, consecration, and high achievement has now been before the public nearly a year, and it seems incredible that any one interested in missionary enterprise should not yet have read a book so unique in American autobiography. Dr. George F. Magoon, in the December *Our Day*, voices the testimony of thousands when he says: "We have never read a more racy and fascinating narrative, spiced with enjoyable mother wit, suggestive of a thousand things not said, humorous and pathetic by turns, disclosing on every page genuine and commanding character, salted and sweetened by ethical and spiritual principle, and full of the aroma of devotion." On reading the former work of Dr. Hamlin, "Among the Turks," the late Prof. Austin Phelps, D.D., wrote to a friend: "A laundry and a bakehouse, built into such a life as his, become temples of the Holy Ghost. What can Gabriel or the angels of the Four Winds be doing more sublime than that work which was going on upon the banks of the Bosphorus, in the Crimean war? . . . Even the secularities of life here become sacred things if seen in their real perspective toward Christ's life."

This book, uniting as it does shrewd practical sagacity, a statesmanlike grasp of Eastern politics, original methods of combining handicraft and education, and searching spiritual insight, appeals to a wide class of readers. Men of affairs, as well as those in the learned professions, are enthusiastic over it; and if Dr. Hamlin were at liberty to publish the letters he has re-

ceived in regard to "My Life and Times," they would form large and most interesting *addenda* to the next edition. It is a perilous thing to begin reading this book if any other duty presses. I chance to know of one lecturer who was so absorbed in it, while traveling to meet an engagement, that he failed to hear his station called, and had to walk back a mile in consequence. Bishop Foster stated, at a social gathering last spring, in Dr. Hamlin's presence, that he seldom read an autobiography; but having begun this early one afternoon, he did not put it down until the last page was reached, at three o'clock in the morning! In alluding to the fact of Dr. Bartol's oft-quoted remark that "Dr. Hamlin in the Crimean war practiced with success thirteen different skilled occupations," Joseph Cook says: "Dr. Hamlin has shown himself to be an expert in twenty different characters,—farmer, silversmith, school-teacher, preacher, missionary, architect, mason, carpenter, blacksmith, engineer, physician, theologian, diplomat, baker, laundryman, linguist, lecturer, author, financial agent, college president."

This autobiography of Dr. Hamlin's, as well as "Among the Turks," by the same author, are in the circulating library at the rooms of the Woman's Board of Missions, at No. 1 Congregational House, Boston, and can be obtained by any one in the territory of the W. B. M., for two cents a day and the return postage. This library was started in the hope of spreading missionary intelligence to the remotest hamlet of New England and the Middle States, and it is hoped that a generous patronage may justify its existence.

South America, the Neglected Continent. E. Marlborough & Co., 51, Old Bailey, London, E. C. Cloth, 2s. 6d., paper, 1s.; postage, 3d. extra.

The above-named volume of one hundred and seventy-six pages contains an account of the mission tour of the Rev. G. C. Grubb, M.A., and party, in 1893. The narrative is given in a clear, animated style, by E. C. Millard, with a historical sketch and summary of missionary enterprise in those vast regions by Lucy E. Guinness. In the August number of *Regions Beyond*, Miss Guinness introduces the book to the notice of her readers in these words: "All these nineteen hundred years the Neglected Continent has been lying there, just across the ocean, almost entirely forgotten by the Church. It has thirty-seven million people, probably not more than four million of whom have ever heard the gospel. . . . Mr. Millard gives a lifelike glimpse of Buenos Ayres, Rosario, Monte Video, Rio, Bahia, and Pernambuco, illustrating his journal with thirty-six capital pictures, many of them from photographs taken on the spot. The remaining one hundred and nine pages, also freely illustrated with diagrams, pictures, and maps, take up South America as a whole, sketching its great natural features, and its spiritual story for the last three centuries."

The diagrams are most eloquent. Two hundred and sixty-five societies are at work for all the world, but only sixteen societies are working for South America. It may be urged that Roman Catholicism is very different from paganism; but it should also be remembered that Roman Catholicism "in the search-light of Protestant civilization," shows another face from that worn where there is no one to criticize or protest. It is the universal testimony that "the priests of the provincial districts are habitually drunken, extortionate, ignorant, and immoral." Miss Guinness gives abundant proof, in quotations from letters and journals of missionaries and evangelists, that the people of this neglected continent are responsive to the pure and undiluted gospel. It is impossible to read this story, told in the intense, picturesque style which is a peculiar gift of this writer, without being moved to pity and deep interest.

In the Far East. Letters from Geraldine Guinness, in China. Edited by her sister. Fleming H. Revell: New York, Chicago. Pp. 120. Price, \$1.50.

To those who were privileged to meet and hear Miss Geraldine Guinness last spring, either in Boston or at the Student Volunteer Convention, in Detroit, the first delight on opening this attractive volume will be the sweet, soulful face of the writer of these vivid, graceful letters from the Far East. In the introduction, by Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon, of the Clarendon Street Church, Boston, he speaks of "the graphic beauty and evangelical richness of these missionary epistles;" and he goes on to say: "They are worthy of publication for the spirit which is in them, for the information which they convey, and for the fire which they are sure to communicate to Christian hearts by the burning zeal which kindles in their every word and sentence." Many of our readers doubtless know that when Miss Geraldine Guinness passed across this continent last spring, in company with Rev. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, she was returning to her work in that mission, and also to fulfill her engagement of marriage to Dr. Howard Taylor, which took place in the Cathedral at Shanghai, China, April 24th.

G. H. C.

TOPICS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS.

October.—Two Lives Given to India and Ceylon: Mrs. Harriet Newell and Miss Eliza Agnew. See LIFE AND LIGHT for September.

November.—Thank-offering Meetings.

December.—The Life and Times of Dr. Cyrus Hamlin.

1895.

January.—Missionary Literature.

February.—Thirty Years in India. The Work of Mrs. S. B. Capron.

March.—Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor in Mission Fields.

April.—The Apostle of Japan.—Rev. Joseph Hardy Neesima.

May.—Earliest and Latest Workers in China. Dr. Robert Morrison and others.

June.—Medical Work in Mission Fields.

THANK-OFFERING MEETINGS.

TOPIC FOR NOVEMBER.

As our thank-offering meetings have become a permanent institution, they are borne in mind more or less during the year by the leaders in our auxiliaries, and programmes suggest themselves specially adapted to particular localities. No general programme can take the place of one so prepared, but a few hints may be of use. We therefore suggest the following

PROGRAMME.

1. Singing. 2. Prayer. 3. Singing. 4. An Enumeration of Blessings. *Leader:* Psalms ciii. 1, 2; *Members:* Psalms ciii. 3, 4, 5; lxxv. 9, 11; xlv. 1; xxviii. 6; Eph. ii. 4; 2 Cor. ix. 15; Psalms lxxviii. 19, and others. 5. Reading, leaflet, "How one Woman's Thank-offering Envelope came to be filled." 6. What has God Promised? Dan. ii. 44 (first and last clauses); Psalms xxii. 27; ii. 8; Is. xi. 9 (last clause); Jer. xxxi. 34; Matt. viii. 11; Rev. xi. 15, and others. 7. Paper, Reasons for Thanksgiving, (1) In the Board work—see numbers of LIFE AND LIGHT for the past year, and monthly leaflet, (2) In personal blessings. 8. "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" (1) Personal service, Luke ix. 23; Mark xvi. 15; Acts i. 8; Rom. xii. 1; vi. 13 (2) Property, Dent. xvi. 10 (last clause); Mal. iii. 10; Matt. x. 8 (last clause); 2 Sam. xxiv. 24 (middle clause), and others. 9. Reading, leaflet, "The Christ Visitor." 10. Opening of envelopes. 11. Prayer. 12. Reading of Psalms cl. in concert. 13. Doxology.

The leaflets mentioned and printed invitations for thank-offering meetings may be obtained from Miss A. R. Hartshorn, No. 1 Congregational House, Boston. For general hints, see LIFE AND LIGHT November, 1888, and August, 1892.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Receipts from July 18 to August 18, 1894.

MISS ELLEN CARRUTH, Treasurer.

MAINE.

Maine Branch.—Mrs. Woodbury S. Dana, Treas. Augusta, the Alice W. Harlow M. B., 5; Portland, Second Par. Ladies' Circle, 25, S. Sch., 5; Machias, Aux., 7.65; Limerick, Cong. Ch. and S. S., 11; Newcastle, Farnham C., 32; Norridgewock, Y. P. S. C. E., 4.50,

90 15

Total.

90 15

CORRECTION.—Bath, in LIFE AND LIGHT for August, 27 from M. Circle and 10 from Y. P. S. C. E., should have been credited to Winter St. Ch. instead of Central Ch.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

New Hampshire Branch.—Miss Abby E. McIntire, Treas. Bristol, Aux., 6; Centre Harbor, Aux., 6.50; Cornish, Aux., 6.75; Exeter, Aux., 20, Mrs. W. Odlin, 25; Gilmanston, Aux., 13.50; Goffstown, a few ladies, 13, Aux. (of which 25 const.

L. M. Mrs. Adelia Richard), 30; Krene, 1st Ch., Aux. (of which 50 const. L. M. Miss Laura C. Dean and Mrs. E. F. Lane), 52; 2d Ch., King's Gardeners, 10, Laroona, Aux., 26; Lancaster, M. C., 5.60; Lebanon, Aux., add'l, 8; Lebanon, West, Aux., 10; Manchester, 1st Ch., Aux., 50; Pembroke, Ladies of Cong. Ch., 12; Penacook, Aux., 20.25; Short Falls, Y. P. S. C. E., 2; Webster, Aux., 14,

330 60

Walpole.—Y. P. S. C. E.,

16 90

Total, 346 60

VERMONT.

Vermont Branch.—Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas. Bennington, 2d Ch., Mrs. G. W. Harmon, 5; Colchester, S. S., 3.21; Elizabethtown, N. Y., Mrs. A. W. Wild, 2; Stow, Y. P. S. C. E., 6; St. Johnsbury, North Ch., Aux., 28.70; Peacham, Aux., 63.83,

108 74

Total, 108 74

MASSACHUSETTS.

<i>Andover and Woburn Branch.</i> —Mrs. C. E. Swett, Treas. Lexington, Hancock Junior C. E., 7; Lowell, a Friend, 100; Malden, Maple Bees, 3.25; Reading, Y. P. S. C. E., 10; West Medford, Primary Dept., S. S., 5.20,	125 45
<i>Barnstable Branch.</i> —Miss Amelia Snow, Treas. Wauquoit, Aux.,	13 00
<i>Essex So. Branch.</i> —Miss Sarah W. Clark, Treas. Lynn, 1st Ch., C. E., 10; Peabody, South Ch., Aux. (of which 50 const. L. M. Mrs. Sarah E. Stimpson and Mrs. Eliza A. Newman), 200,	210 00
<i>Franklin Co. Branch.</i> —Miss L. A. Sparhawk, Treas. Ashfield, Aux., 30; Northfield, Aux., 6; Buckland, Junior Aux., 10,	46 00
<i>Hardwick.</i> —M. T. Ruggles,	2 00
<i>New Bedford.</i> —A Friend, in North Cong. Ch.,	5 00
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.</i> —Miss S. B. Tirrell, Treas. Colasset, Aux., 40; Weymouth Heights, Friends in Aux. 1st Ch., 25; Wollaston, Faithful Workers, 11,	76 00
<i>Old Colony Branch.</i> —Miss F. J. Rannels, Treas. Fall River, Joseph Whitney Bowen, Jr., 1, Juniors, 20, Willing Helpers, 15; Lakeville, C. E., 5, Aux., 60; Rochester, C. E., 10; Marion, Y. L. Soc'y, 10; New Bedford, Wide Awake W., 55; Middleboro, Aux., 40.22; Attleboro, Junior C. E., 5; Edgartown, C. E., 10; Norton, Aux., 31.80,	263 02
<i>Suffolk Branch.</i> —Miss M. B. Child, Treas. Abnurdale, Aux., 11.60; Boston, William Shaw, 20, Union Ch., Aux., 15.90; Cambridge, Susan K. Sparrow, 10; Newton Centre, Mrs. Langdon S. Ward, prev. cont. const. L. M. Mrs. Emilie G. Goddard, 18.50; Roxbury, Eliot Ch., Aux., 30, Thompson C., 1.60, Ferguson C., 1.77, Mayflowers, 12.05, Eliot Star, 12.05; Wrentham, Aux., 18;—, C. B. M., 102,	253 47
<i>Wendell.</i> —Ladies of Cong. Ch.,	6 00
<i>West Springfield.</i> —"B.,"	1 00
<i>Wilmington.</i> —A Friend,	5 00
<i>Williamsburg.</i> —Cong. Ch.,	25 00
Total,	1,030 94

RHODE ISLAND.

<i>Rhode Island Branch.</i> —Miss Anna T. White, Treas. Providence, Academy Ave., Aux., 10, Beneficent Ch., Aux., 200; Peacedale, Aux., 30; Barrington, Aux., 50; Knightsville, C. E. Soc'y, 3.50; Central Falls M. Workers, 30,	323 50
Total,	323 50

CONNECTICUT.

<i>Eastern Conn. Branch.</i> —Miss M. I. Lockwood, Treas. Norwich, Park Ch., Aux., 135.50; Griswold, Aux., 10,	145 50
<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas. Wethersfield, Junior Aux.,	13 00
<i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss Julia Twining, Treas. Bridgeport, Aux., 93.92; Cromwell, Aux., 50; Danbury, 2d Ch., Aux., 20; Darien, Aux., 14; Green's Farms, Aux., 23.44; Higganum, Aux., 9; Litchfield, Aux., 62.62; New Haven, Ch. of the Redeemer, Aux., 25; Salisbury, Aux., 13.75; Stamford, Aux., 25; Strat-	

ford, Aux., 59.88; Wallingford, Aux., 8.25; West Haven, Aux., 2; Westport, Aux., 20,	426 86
<i>New Haven.</i> —Mrs. G. L. Dickerman, const. L. M. Miss Elizabeth S. Dickerman,	25 00
<i>Somers.</i> —Harriet R. Pease,	10 00
Total,	620 36

LEGACIES.

<i>Berlin.</i> —Dividend on Legacy of Harriet N. Wileox,	15 00
<i>Pomfret.</i> —Legacy of Mrs. Zara G. Comstock,	100 00

NEW YORK.

<i>Baiting Hollow.</i> —A Friend,	10 00
<i>Delhi.</i> —Mrs. David C. Shaw,	40
<i>Denmark.</i> —Mrs. J. F. Kitts,	5 40
<i>Mt. Morris.</i> —Mrs. L. W. Wood,	12 50
<i>New York Branch.</i> —Miss C. A. Holmes, Treas. Albany, Aux., 70; Aquebogue, Aux., 1; Cortland, Aux., 10; Java Village, Aux., 4.10; Utica, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 10, Y. P. S. C. E., 5; Wellsville, Aux., 5,	105 10
Total,	133 40

NEW JERSEY.

<i>South Orange.</i> —J. P. Roberts,	2 00
Total,	2 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

<i>Philadelphia Branch.</i> —Miss Emma Flavell, Treas. D. C., Washington, 1st Ch., Aux., 33.02, M. Circle, 50; Md., Baltimore, Aux., 28.45; N. J., Bound Brook, Aux., 20; Newark, Belleville Ave. Ch., Aux., 5, Y. P. S. C. E., 10; Orange, Valley Ch., Aux., 16, Y. L. M. B., 45.65, Bradshaw M. B., Junior C. E., 18.84; Plainfield, Aux., 10; Stanley, Aux., 12.25; Penn., Germantown, Neesima Guild, 10,	259 21
Total,	259 21

VIRGINIA.

<i>Alexandria.</i> —Wild Tiger Soc'y,	30 00
Total,	30 00

CALIFORNIA.

<i>San Francisco.</i> —Miss S. M. N. Cummings,	5 00
Total,	5 00

FOREIGN LANDS.

<i>France.</i> —Paris, Miss Sarah C. Adams,	11 66
<i>Turkey.</i> —Aintab, Mariam Arakyalian, 4.40, Sem'y Pupils, 2.25,	6 65
Total,	18 31
General Funds,	2,968 21
Variety Account,	20 76
Legacies,	115 00
Total,	\$3,163 97



MISSIONARY LIBRARY.

SOME years ago the ladies of the W. B. M. P. attempted to establish a "missionary library." Their success was not marked; either from a waning of enthusiasm, or lack of persistence in their purpose, or a failure to reach their grand ideal the effort was abandoned, and the few books gathered were permitted to repose in a corner of the Secretary's bookcase. Now, our "Young Ladies' Branch" has taken up the project, under the enthusiastic leadership of their president, Miss May Williams, and her energy and nice planning for it seem to promise success. In this the mother society greatly rejoices, and will contribute such books as may come to their hands from time to time. It may be that our friends, our cousins in the Congregational House, Boston, may have some duplicate missionary books that they would like to contribute to this infant library, which will not fail of its purpose this time in the hands of these wide-awake young ladies. But we will now let the young ladies tell their own story. First the announcement of

THE MISSIONARY LIBRARY.

"A few weeks ago we came before you with a suggestion, and indulged in delightful daydreams concerning the long-desired missionary library. This was done almost with an apology, for our ideas seemed to look very far toward the future; but now hopes have become realities, and we can speak for to-day instead of for to-morrow alone.

"Kind interest and hearty response have met us from every side, and indicate that the need of just such a work is felt in many places. First came words and letters of encouragement, then promises of books, then the books

themselves; and then, most wonderful of all, the offer of what we so greatly needed,—a room! Through the kindness of Mr. Walker, of the Tract Society, we have been given the use of a small room upstairs at 735 Market Street,—a very central and desirable location. Here we have a bookcase, desk, and space enough for a few chairs,—a beginning more favorable than we had ventured to hope for.

“Already there is a catalogue of thirty-five books, including some of the latest issues on missionary subjects, while files of *LIFE AND LIGHT*, *Mission Studies*, and current numbers of the *Missionary Review* can be had for reference.

“The committee in charge announce that the room will be opened on Monday afternoon, May 28th, when they will be pleased to have all who may be interested in the library call and see what has been done. For the present, office hours will be kept only once a week, Mondays, from two to five, when the young ladies will be present to distribute books, answer questions, and receive visitors. The chairman, Mrs. Deering, 423 Baker Street, San Francisco, will, however, always be glad to respond to letters, and, if necessary, make appointments for other days.

“Please remember the date of the opening,—Monday, the 28th. If our room is small, you will find our welcome and our hopes large.

M. F. WILLIAMS.”

OPENING OF THE MISSIONARY LIBRARY.

It was Monday afternoon, May 28th, that the missionary library was opened for the first time: and who can doubt the success of the occasion when he hears that the room was crowded with friends and visitors until nearly six o'clock? (All remarks as to the capacity of said room are strictly out of order.) The twenty-seven books already received made a fine showing in the bookcase, while copies of *LIFE AND LIGHT*, *Herald*, and *Mission Studies* occupied a lower shelf. On a convenient wall hung a card that proclaimed that “This is the place where our maps ought to be,” and a little wooden pail suspended below was a pointed reminder of our needs in that direction. This feature of the room is earnestly commended to the attention of all visitors.

The chairman of the Library Committee, assisted by one or two other young ladies, served tea throughout the afternoon, giving thus a pleasant air of sociability to the little gathering. This, then, is the beginning. What

the end will be no one can foretell. In other places—notably Boston and Chicago—the missionary library has become a great institution, the center of information and activity. The same possibilities are before us, and the measure of our success lies entirely within our own hands. “Ours,” I say—yours and mine—not some indefinite “theirs,” referring to a committee or society in special charge, for it must be by the sympathy and co-operation of the entire circle of missionary workers that the best results are to be insured. To be useful, the library must be well known; it must be talked of; it must be patronized. When committees having the responsibility of societies and meetings understand that here they can find help and information, they will naturally avail themselves of the opportunity. Let all such hear of it. Do what you can to induce them to come to us, and see what our plans and ideas are. Come yourself when such duties devolve upon you. The rules, so far, are very simple:—

1. Any society can secure membership from the present time until January next by paying fifty cents. This entitles any member of the society to draw books during the time mentioned.

2. Books can be kept two weeks, and must then be returned to the room.

The library will be open at 735 Market Street, San Francisco, on Mondays from two till five. Address inquiries by mail to Mrs. Deering, 423 Baker Street, San Francisco, who is ready to answer questions and to make any necessary arrangements for special office hours.

FAREWELL RECEPTION.

Our usual monthly June meeting took the form of a farewell reception to Rev. F. M. Price and wife, who sail June 28th for Honolulu, thence to Ruk, Micronesia, on the *Morning Star*. At the time the reception was planned it was expected that the *Star* would sail earlier, and that we should have with us two other missionaries, also destined to Micronesia, Dr. Rife and wife, who, however, decided to spend the extra time with their friends in the East.

The reception was held at the home of Mrs. J. F. French, 1617 Jackson Street, San Francisco, by whose kind invitation about sixty of our ladies assembled. Rev. F. M. Price, Mrs. Price, and their eight-year-old Helen, who goes with them to Micronesia, were present; also Miss Shedd of Japan, Mrs. Arthur H. Smith of China, and Rev. Walter Frear, of the American Board. The young ladies of the Good Will Society were in attendance, and rendered valuable service. After opening exercises of Scripture, prayer,

and song, Mrs. Smith read the report of the last meeting, and Miss Merriam gave the state of the treasury.

Mrs. French, our hostess, as president of the Cephas, was called upon for some account of the Society. She said they were thinking of changing the name; she believed a new name would prove attractive. Miss Robinson, president of the Good Will Society in the same church,—the First Congregational,—spoke of the success which had attended two Turkish teas recently given under the auspices of the young ladies, one of which had netted their treasury seventy-two dollars.

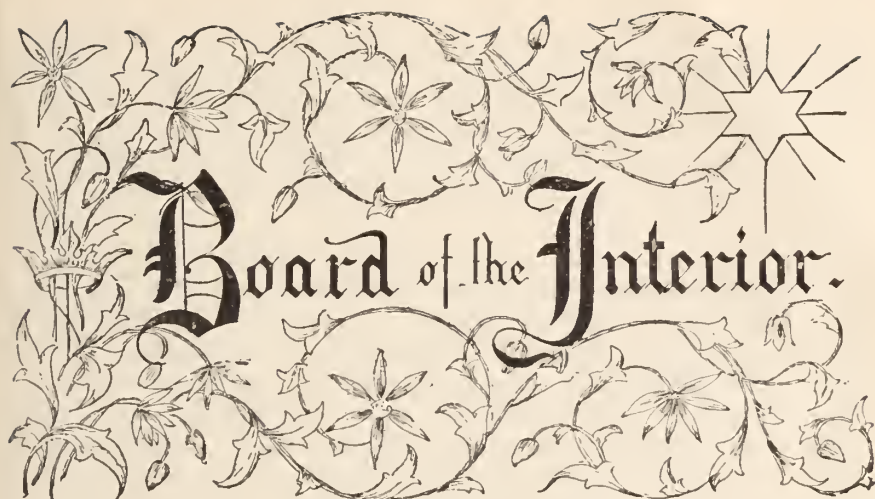
Mrs. Jewett then introduced Mrs. Price, who said she was glad of an opportunity to correct any impression of sadness she may have given to the ladies of Berkeley. She said she was glad to serve the Lord in Micronesia; that she believed the way thither had been clearly pointed out by him. She thanked all present for the "many kindnesses that had been showered upon them" during their stay in Oakland. Afterwards, in conversation, she spoke of gifts of money, of valuable medical instruments for her husband's use, of many small comforts given by thoughtful friends, and other larger comforts as well.

Rev. Mr. Price, when called upon, gave us a very earnest and impressive talk upon the great need of prayer in the foreign missionary work. At the close he asked that all the ladies present would plan to remember Micronesia once a week in prayer, which most signified a wish to do.

Mrs. Arthur H. Smith, who did not need an introduction to the ladies present, so delightfully familiar has her face become, told us of some of the obstacles to Christian work in China. She asked upon coming forward how much time she could have, and was answered, "Forty-five minutes." However, she spoke but thirty-five minutes, which passed all too quickly for her appreciative listeners.

Rev. Walter Frear showed us some text-books just completed in the Micronesian language, having been printed in San Francisco. He also read extracts from a letter from Boston concerning the Robert W. Logan. It is now believed that the boat is lost, but there is reason to hope that the captain and crew may be still alive upon some island. [We learn that the insurance for the Robert W. Logan has been paid, amounting to five thousand dollars, which will easily rebuild her.]

Mrs. French requested that none of the ladies hurry away, and all remained after the singing of "Blest be the tie that binds," to shake hands with the missionaries and bid them Godspeed. Mrs. French, with generous hospitality, served all her guests with chocolate and cake, assisted by her sons and members of the Good Will Society.



EDITORIAL COMMITTEE.

Mrs. GEORGE M. CLARK, 73 Bellevue Place, Chicago.

Mrs. H. M. LYMAN.

Mrs. JAMES G. JOHNSON.

Miss SARAH POLLOCK.

Mrs. GRAHAM TAYLOR.

TURKEY.

OORFA SCHOOL WORK, 1893-1894.

BY CORINNA SHATTUCK.

It was gratifying, and showed progress in the school system, that all departments this year opened on the same date,—October 4th,—and with tolerably well-filled schools. Some had made peculiar effort to have their children in from vineyards for the beginning; others, naturally, were lax, or found difficulties unsurmountable, so that our number of pupils was much increased several weeks later, and the increase of little ones continues to the present date.

Vartevan Yeranian, a student of Aintab College, has had charge of what is termed the Boys' High School. He is somewhat lacking in enthusiasm, though very faithful, and a peacekeeper with all classes in the community. Appreciation of his excellencies is shown by his being invited back for next year. The interest in higher education is yet at a very low ebb in Oorfa, and the pupils properly belonging to that school, represented by the three upper classes, are only twelve in number. . . .

Our own school has been prospered to a gratifying degree. The teacher, Osanna, returned with us this second year, and promises to come next year, for which we are exceedingly thankful; and the people have consented to her request for a slight increase of salary. Two of our first class of last year, who were a little in advance of their companions, were sent in the autumn to Aintab Seminary, one assisted pecuniarily by the women of the church.

A little while after we sent a class of boys to the higher school, we took a class of girls into our own department; but these were a full year in advance of the boys, so it has not particularly lowered our standard. While we have at present five classes, in the autumn we expect again to have but four, as we shall only take in such new pupils as can continue with the weaker ones of this class. With this addition our numbers have reached forty-five, and recently it has seemed imperative that an assistant be employed. One of the seminary pupils not returning for her last year, from marriage prospects, has been disappointed in the death of her betrothed, and is very glad to work with us. She completes our trio of teachers by the name of "Hanum." It seems a necessity that she or someone else be employed as assistant in the future. A full half day has been given to direct teaching in this school by Miss Shattuck, and Osanna gives her complete time. We have the same number of lessons as before the arrangement made by which each class has a half hour daily for sewing. The giving of more time to sewing and fancywork seemed a necessity to hold the older girls and gratify all. It is interesting to see how the change from study to handwork refreshes the girls, and to witness the development mentally as they plan worsted or crochet patterns. To the teachers it has brought much additional work. We expect to have a sale of garments, worsted pieces, etc., at the time of our public examination, the first week in July, and use the proceeds to replenish stock for future work.

We have not quite accomplished our aim in preparing pupils so they can complete the seminary course in two years, but we hope next year to do so. The school committee kindly yielded to our request that the larger girls of the intermediate and our high school pupils be exempt from regular tuition fees, leaving the parents to give as they felt able. Many would have removed pupils had this not been the case. The old system here yet continues of exacting tuition fees in all other departments; consequently many do not send beyond the time when the child has learned simple reading.

We are much gratified, and the people expressed real thankfulness, for the twenty-five pounds from one of the Women's Boards (I do not know which) for canceling the debt on the girls' school buildings. There was a little left

after the note was paid, which was expended for putting in glass windows in the little recitation room that the people kindly built us last autumn. We expect to use for school purposes, in the autumn, rooms that have been rented for payment of interest on the note several years past. Our people have also put in three glass windows in the primary schoolroom.

The Syrian Protestant School has been under the care of the teacher employed last year for girls,—Zoomrool Jabourian. It did not seem best to keep open two schools there.

Our entire number of pupils in all departments for the year has been two hundred and ninety-eight, of whom one hundred and fifteen are non-Protestant,—sixty-three boys and one hundred and thirty-five girls. It was a sore disappointment that we could not open a kindergarten last autumn. The only lack was a teacher. All the year we have been endeavoring, under rather trying circumstances, to get assurance that we can open next autumn. The result will only be seen when autumn comes.

Our report is hardly complete without some mention of efforts in religious work among the pupils of the two upper departments. The interest of the girls has increased in the general school prayer meeting, and fifteen are now enrolled as Christian workers, who have a simple pledge for certain duties (a semi-Y. P. S. C. E. pledge), and meet by themselves fortnightly for mutual help.

JAPAN.

REPORT OF KOBE GIRLS' SCHOOL, 1893-94.

BY SUSAN A. SEARLE.

THE changes apparent to any one visiting the institution for a few hours have been greater during the past year than during almost any other. The science building, whose foundations were but just laid at the time of the last report, grew, through the spring and summer, a thing of beauty, and since October has been a constant joy to those who use its commodious and convenient rooms. Work on the music building was begun in the fall, as soon as the funds in hand warranted letting the contract, and it was finished in March. It is thoroughly adapted for the work of the department, and contains also a gymnasium so satisfactory as to make the thought of finishing a room in the roof for that purpose seem a stroke of genius. Important improvements have also been made on the grounds, including a substantial brick wall along the front and a small house for the gate keeper,—a necessary precaution against thieves and other dangers.

March 28th was the day selected for dedicating the two buildings, and four hundred guests assembled to join in the celebration. On that day the name

Kobe College and the new Japanese name were for the first time used in public. About twenty girls have studied in the collegiate course during the year, and two classes of two members each have already been graduated from it. The literary and scientific courses are in operation, and it seems only fair that the name college should now be taken. Besides the two girls who graduated from the collegiate course last summer, there were fourteen graduates from the academic course, nearly half of whom are pursuing their studies in the college course this year.

During the year special effort has been made to improve the Chinese and Japanese departments, and new electives are offered in both. Among the new teachers are a graduate of the Tokyo Woman's Normal School and one from the Chinese department of the Tokyo University. A former teacher in the English department has returned to take up her work after three years of study at Mt. Holyoke. We have also been fortunate in securing a good matron, a graduate of the Bible Training School, whose character and experience render her services most valuable. Several general lectures have been given to the students by friends outside the school.

The agitation in regard to the property question has resulted, so far as this school is concerned, in a more satisfactory arrangement than we have had before,—a new lease of the land for twenty-five years, with privilege of renewal for the same term. The buildings still belong nominally, as well as in fact, to the Board, and the trustees who hold the land are in full sympathy with the school.

The number of students has not varied greatly from the previous year. One encouraging feature has been the unusually large proportion of graduates from other Christian schools among the new students. The fact that so many of the new pupils were already Christians, will perhaps account in part for the small number of accessions to the church during the year. The continued hostility to Christianity in many quarters and the unfortunate conditions in the church attended by the students,—conditions already referred to in another part of the Station Report,—will also help to explain a fact which has caused us much grief.

During the whole year the work of the Christian Endeavor Society, organized in the school early in 1893, has been one of the strongest features of the spiritual life. Sixteen of the active members have left school during the year. Four of these have joined similar societies in the places to which they have gone, and nearly all the others report at intervals their continued interest in the Christian work to which they are pledged. At present more than half the students and several of the teachers are active members of the society, and its influence is very good throughout the school.

Miss Stone's continued ill health, resulting at last in her return to America, has been almost the only sorrow of the year. Through the generosity of the Mission and of individual members, efficient substitutes have made her absence as little felt as possible.

Among the many gifts which the past year has brought should be mentioned a valuable addition to the Japanese department of the library, which, according to the giver's request, bears the names of the President and Secretary of the Woman's Board of the Interior instead of her own. The library has also received, from time to time for several years, gifts from another generous friend in memory of her father. In consequence of all these gifts we are able to report that the library now numbers, in all its departments, twenty-three hundred volumes, of which five hundred or more are English.

KOBE, May, 1894.

INDIA.

LETTERS FROM MISS SWIFT.

KODAI KANAL, May 23, 1894.

DEAR MISS WINGATE: I have secured the services of Mr. A. David (recommended to me by Mr. Perkins, of Arupukottai) to assist me in teaching, and expect to begin a new class June 1st, and also to divide the old class. Thus our organization will be favorable for better work. Pastor S. Simon will still assist us in the use of the Tamil lyrics, and Mr. R. Guanamutthu with necessary translations. I have had heavy work, so far, in preparing outlines of lessons far enough ahead for all the class to write them in their notebooks for study; but after a year more this work will be much lessened, as I am sending these outlines to be printed for future use. As we have no suitable text-books upon even the simplest subjects, this work is very necessary.

I look forward to having Miss Barker with me to share the work of teaching and superintending. In the superintendence of the work of the women it is necessary for us to make as many visits as we have pupils; and if we could see our pupils more frequently than once a year it would be an excellent thing. But as it is now, I am spending the morning hours in teaching, and must have time for preparation of lessons and the really heavy writing work connected with the school. I must keep up my correspondence, must attend to all the duties of housekeeper and hostess, must see and conduct meetings with my thirty-eight workers, besides meeting the demands made upon me by the Christian community; must take time for private talks with the Bible students, and for such general work as devolves upon me as a

member of the mission ; and you can perhaps realize that it will be long before I can see the sixteen hundred pupils we have on our lists. As for general reading, or even a glance at the papers from home, it is generally quite out of the question. I was looking over the list of those who feel that because of their support of the work through the Boards they have a claim upon me to hear more or less frequently and fully in regard to the work. I made the calculation that to adequately meet what is really expected of me, I should have to write a "missionary letter" every day ; and it is difficult to write either fully or to put anything in attractive form under an hour and a half. In writing to my mother recently I told her if she knew of a good stenographer who owns a typewriter and an extra pot of brains for me, to kindly send her along. After an interesting meeting, or visit, or occasion of any kind, I am often too weary, physically and mentally, to write you a report of it ; and when the first interest has passed it is often difficult to adequately report it.

June 7, 1894.—Since writing the above I have returned to Madura and reopened the school. We shall probably have a regular class of fifteen for the full course, and about sixteen other Bible women in attendance for a daily Bible lesson. Mr. David has begun his work well, and I think he is going to be a good helper. One delightful feature of the past vacation has been the earnest spirit a number of women have shown in voluntarily continuing their work when they had full permission to rest from it. The first two weeks in April were spent in an itinerary among the villages within ten miles of Madura. The Bible students went out in two divisions under the leadership of older women. They visited more than thirty villages. Their enthusiasm was great. One woman wrote me, "When I am doing my kitchen work the memory of it all comes back to me, and my heart boils with joy, and I kneel down and praise God."

The evangelistic work which has opened up before the Bible women recently is wonderful to contemplate. Wherever they go they are kindly received, and very large audiences gather to hear their teaching. They have done acceptable work in the great festival in Madura, when the city swarms with pilgrims, and the testimony of pastors and catechists to the zeal and efficiency of the women is frequent and earnest.

There is a wonderful revolution going on here among the Tamil men as to their opinion of the capacities of the women. The utterances we hear at every meeting were unknown ten, or even five, years ago. I look forward to putting a Bible woman to work in every church that supports a pastor, and to that end am trying to form missionary societies auxiliary to our Madura society. One of the Bible students formed a society of ten members, during

the holidays, in a small village where she was visiting. The monthly offerings are to be received by the catechist's wife. Great good has resulted to the church and people of the West Gate from the cottage meetings which are being regularly conducted there. We think that two more women will soon confess Christ. The spiritual results of the work are far-reaching. I hope to write again soon.

MADURA, INDIA, June 25, 1894.

MY DEAR MISS WINGATE: I must write to you once more to thank you and the friends of the Woman's Board of the Interior for their gift to the work here in the carriage they have sent me. It arrived a few days ago, and in fine condition. It was easily put together by a native carpenter, and all the friends here came in to admire it. It is a very nice outfit for me, and I shall find it most useful. I think of it as a gift from the Lord, to be used for him. Perhaps you will be interested to hear something of the first day's use it had. I left the house at 2 P. M. The sun was blazing, and it seemed to me about 150° in the sun, though it was only 98° in the house. I drove one and a half miles out of Madura to a village, which has been called in our mission "the catechist killer,"—a village where every worker placed there for any time seems to lose all courage and spiritual life and becomes dead. I had heard often of this, and now I was to see for myself. I met the Bible woman, good Annal Parkram, at the turn of the road as I passed into the village. Men and boys, and cows and sheep were lolling lazily together everywhere under the trees and along the roadside. I left the carriage in an open place at the edge of the village, and turned down a street where one of the few pupils we have there lives. As we came up to the door we found it locked, and an old man, sitting on the step outside, called out to us: "Go away, you mad women! I know what you've come for; you've come to talk about Jesus Christ! Clear out!" He followed up this sweet welcome by words of like graciousness, and added something abusive to it. I stood and talked with him awhile, and then left him to himself. The next house we went in search of was empty,—no pupil to be found. In the meantime, men and boys by the dozen had gathered and followed us about, shouting rudely and noisily. The next house I entered was a large house for such a village. Entering the middle room I found a woman, evidently dying, lying in the center of the room, surrounded by women and men, and a boy about fourteen years of age chanting from a book of heathen poems in the dying woman's ears. One of the men arose, and with the purpose of forestalling anything I might say about Jesus Christ, said loudly, and with a sort of show of suavity, "Yes, we are talking about the one God and the bliss of the future life!" I seated myself at his invitation and listened to the reading for

awhile, heartsick and distressed. I then went and sat down by the dying woman, and spoke a few words to her and the women about her of Jesus the Saviour. But the rabble from the street had crowded in, and the noise and confusion, heartless and unfeeling, and characteristic of the heathenism around us, prevented anything like a connected talk. I soon rose to go, and as I went the man said pompously: "Well, you worship Jesus Christ. We worship the same God. You say Jesus Christ, and we just set up a lingam and worship it,—it's all the same." I left my testimony with him, but I have rarely seen a more assertive, satisfied, pompous exhibition of heathenism as in that household in the presence of death, as the name of Jesus was thus reviled. But the Bible woman had slipped in before, when it was quieter, and had told the dying woman, while she could still hear, of Jesus, the Way and the Life, and the woman had opened her eyes and asked, "Is that way open for me?" So we hope she has entered in by the Door. So we went through the dusty, filthy lanes to search for more pupils, and did not find one. The crowd grew more and more rude and noisy every moment. When, at last, we had gone through all the streets, only to find empty houses or to meet with a rude reception, I called for the carriage, and we got in and drove away, followed by the shouts of the rabble.

Day after day, as the Bible woman goes into that place, her books are taken away from her and she is threatened with a beating; and all the while the people know the truth, for many mission catechists have been placed there from time to time, and preaching services, and schools, and other means have been used to reach the people. I could only think of Bethsaida and our Saviour's curse upon it. We drove two miles farther on, to Viaganur, and there were met, as usual, by a gaping, idle crowd of boys. But here the boys were not rude—only idle and full of curiosity. The first house I entered was that of a Brahmin, whose daughter is reading with us. As I talked with the girl I soon found that my real listener was a widow who sat near by, shrouded in her widow's cloth, her shaven head covered by its folds. She listened eagerly, seeming to drink in every word. Next we went in search of our other pupils. One had gone to the river to bathe, another to a cocoanut grove to bring home the nuts, another was not to be found. In every house were numbers of women as wild and untamed as gazelles. I had not been to these villages before, and had not sent word I was coming. I wished to go and see what the Bible women see every day, without giving any warning of my approach; and I saw what I knew before was true, that many a precious hour is spent in looking up the careless and indifferent ones, and in persuading cold and hardened hearts to hear the message of peace. The human heart is the same in all ages and all places. Sin is

deadening in its effects. It is line upon line, precept upon precept. It was necessary to teach and warn the chosen people of God; how much greater must be the patience with which we teach a people sitting in the darkness, the very shadow of death!

As we left the village, finally, to return home, we met Antomannal, the Bible woman, returning from her villages farther on. The perspiration poured in streams from her face as she toiled along, and as I looked into her tired face I was glad to take her into the carriage with me and save her a three-mile walk.

Well, what is the outcome of all this? Our Lord tells of the seed of the sower, and only one fourth of it brings forth fruit. So it is here. Three fourths may fall upon unfruitful ground, but most certainly there is abundant fruit from the rest. The next afternoon if you could have stepped with me into the West Gate Church at 2 P. M., and could have looked around upon the company of one hundred and twenty-seven intelligent Christian women there gathered for a union missionary meeting, and could have listened to the exercises for an hour and three quarters, could have heard the fitting and earnest words spoken, could have seen the purpose in the faces, you would have contrasted with thankful hearts this scene with yesterday's. Our to-day of work may be disheartening, but our to-morrow will open our eyes to the fruit of it.

Perhaps, too, you will be interested by seeing an outline of a missionary week. First of all, the duties of housekeeper must be taken for granted. Then a daily morning prayer meeting, beginning at 8 A. M. Then a word to the assembled women about their work, book distribution, tracts given out; then morning teaching in the Bible Women's Training Institute, three villages visited where about fifteen heathen women were taught and many others were visited in their homes. A union missionary meeting conducted, a two days' "monthly meeting" with the Bible women, during which time their accounts of work are examined, their salaries paid, and special lessons on the Scriptures are taught them. Now, fill up this outline with visits received from the people, some care of sick ones, the necessary account keeping and letter writing, and the preparation for so many visits and meetings, and the talks with different ones in the training class, and you will have a very busy time of it. You will see that the days are so busy that all too little time can be given to the preparation of lessons for teaching. One is pressed above measure by the many pressing calls, and the work undone piles up to reproach one. But it is blessed to be so busy and to know that it is work done in His name and for his sake, and that what one is not able to do he does not expect of us.

A GREAT HELP TO OUR MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

THE Christian women of Springfield, Illinois, during the past three years have been greatly blessed in their work for missions by a co-operative union of all the evangelical Christian missionary societies. They have derived so many benefits from this experiment, that they ask space to give their sisters in every other city in our land a mere outline sketch of this work, in the hope that many others may, by the adoption of similar methods, be rewarded with like blessings. Over three years ago our twenty-eight missionary societies came together in a mass meeting, and organized the "Missionary Social Union of Springfield, Illinois."

Our objects, briefly stated, are, by a united effort twice a year to awaken greater enthusiasm in the work of bringing the world under the dominion of our one Lord, who, we know from prophecy, is yet to redeem our race from darkness to glory.

We effect this purpose, not only by the encouragement there is in numbers and the added strength that naturally comes from union, but by enlarging our knowledge of Christian missions wherever and by whomsoever carried on; also, by a comparison of our various experiences, we devise and adopt more successful methods of conducting our respective societies; and, finally, we lift up the Master's cause by united prayer.

We have a carefully prepared constitution, and elect our officers from among the most devoted and experienced missionary workers in the various societies represented. These include seven church organizations,—Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Disciple, Lutheran, Cumberland Presbyterian, and Congregationalist.

The results of our three years' work has greatly surpassed our expectations.

We have held our regular mass meetings twice a year, and last January instituted a union prayer meeting at the close of the Week of Prayer. The executive committee, consisting of the presidents of the various societies, meets for conference whenever there seems to be a good reason for such a meeting.

We have already awakened a deeper interest in missions in every church connected with us, and in each of these churches during this year there has been a deeper religious undercurrent than has been known for years. We have many proofs that our union has been a source of much of this interest.

Our meetings have constantly increased in the numbers present, a large auditorium being entirely filled with ladies at our last two afternoon sessions.

In November of each year we hold our annual meeting. The afternoon is usually devoted to the discussion of various mission fields and their needs, and to stirring up the women of our city to the importance of missionary

work. We take picnic baskets of lunch with us. The entertaining congregation furnishes tables, plates, and coffee. In this collation all the brethren of the various churches represented are invited to join, and very many of them come. From 5 to 7.30 o'clock we have such a sociable as is only possible under such circumstances. Every face is radiant, and every tongue unloosed. At 7.30 we have the very best missionary address we can secure. The various churches take turns in entertaining and in furnishing the speaker. Sometimes we have had a distinguished missionary, sometimes one of those faithful women who, "tarrying by the stuff," have unintentionally become pre-eminent by rousing their sisters to support the army in the field.

Our last semi-annual meeting was held May 31st, in the Second Methodist Church. It was an outpouring of blessings. Hundreds of faces radiated the same glow of faith, hope, love, and joy. Such a soul-light is never seen in an assembly of so-called "society ladies." This divine light proves the divinity of Christ. We heard the remark more than once, "I never saw so many beautiful women together." Very many had plain faces and silvered hair, but the psalmist could have sung to each heart, "Thou has the dew of thy youth."

The membership of this union was reported as including 1,155 women and children, and their donations to missions during this year \$2,638. An increase in interest was noted in every society. Hard times have not caused a failure in the bank of our Lord.

The chairman of the Library Committee reported over two hundred volumes of missionary literature placed in the city library during the past three years, by the co-operation of the union with the librarian and directors. These works are the latest and best of the kind, and represent the work of Protestant Christendom. They are being generally used not only by members of the union, but by other frequenters of the city library, and are exerting a deep and wide influence. A missionary table has been placed in the public reading room of the library, and provided with fifteen of the best missionary periodicals now published, these being paid for by the societies represented. The librarian says that many persons, quite a proportion of these being men, sit at this table and read these papers with interest. Such a work in spreading a knowledge of missions would be impossible here without co-operation.

The programmes of our regular auxiliary meetings have been greatly improved by the discussions at our May conferences. We have a system of exchanging visits at our auxiliary monthly meetings, and make a business of thereby improving ourselves whenever we find better methods in the hands

of our neighbors. The benefits we have received from this Missionary Social Union are already immeasurable.

Thirteen other places have recently asked for our constitution, and several of them have already reported successful organizations.

We will gladly send copies of our constitution and visiting schedule, or further information, to any who may make such request. (Enclose stamp.) Address, Catharine F. Lindsay, President, or Harriet W. Pringle, Secretary, Springfield, Ill.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE.

AN ACROSTIC.

Whosoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. Matt. x. 32.

Obey my voice, and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people. Jer. vii. 23.

Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again. John iii. 7.

And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day. John vi. 40.

Never man spake like this man. John vii. 46.

Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me. John v. 39.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another. Rom. xii. 10.

Owe no man anything, but to love one another: for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. Rom. xiii. 8.

And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God. Rom. xii. 2.

Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer. Rom. xii. 12.

Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality. Rom. xii. 13.

O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord all the earth. Ps. xcvi. 1.

For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods. Ps. xcvi. 4.

My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips. Ps. lxxxix. 34.

In God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength and my refuge is in God. Ps. lxii. 7.

Salvation belongeth unto the Lord; thy blessing is upon thy people. Ps. iii. 8.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. Ps. xxiii. 6.

I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Ps. xxvii. 13.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in his temple. Ps. xxvii. 4.

Neglect not the gift that is in thee. 1 Tim. iv. 14.

Shew me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths. Ps. xxv. 4.

Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth. Ps. cxxiv. 8.

For all the gods of the nations are idols: but the Lord made the heavens. Ps. xcvi. 5.

This people have I formed for myself; they shall shew forth my praise. Is. xliii. 21.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good; that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth! Is. lii. 7.

Even unto them will I give in mine house and within my walls a place and a name better than of sons and of daughters: I will give them an everlasting name, that shall not be cut off. Is. lvi. 5.

I have set thee for a tower and a fortress among my people, that thou mayst know and try their way. Jer. vi. 27.

No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon. It shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there. Is. xxxv. 9.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness: Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Is. xli. 3.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain. Is. xli. 4.

Remember these, O Jacob and Israel; for thou art my servant. Is. xlv. 21 (first part of verse).

I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles. Is. xlii. 6.

O Israel, thou shalt not be forgotten of me. Is. xlv. 21 (last part of verse).

Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice. Phil. iv. 4.

Home Department.

STUDIES IN MISSIONS.

PLAN OF LESSONS FOR 1894.

October.—"In the Beginning," or how the work in various missions was opened.

November.—The New Mission in Gazaland.

IN THE BEGINNING.—HOW THE WORK IN VARIOUS MISSIONS WAS OPENED.

THE opening of all our missions will make a lesson almost too full for the compass of one meeting. One or two good papers might be prepared on "Beginnings in Turkey," or "Beginnings in Africa," or in India or Japan. The incidents connected with other lands may then be brought out in brief talks.

The map of the world should be hung where all can see it, and the places located.

HELPS: The early files of the *Missionary Herald* and the Reports of the American Board will be helpful in the study of all. The files of the *Mission Studies* from 1883 to 1888 are also very helpful, and accessible to more of our societies than the first named. The same may be said of *Bartlett's Sketches*. Other special helps are as follows:—

The Beginning of the American Board.—Memorial volume of the A. B. C. F. M., see haystack meeting.

The Marathi, Madura, and Ceylon Missions.—Anderson's "History of the Missions in India and Ceylon," now out of print, unless found in missionary libraries. Incidents: Newell's visit to Ceylon; Woodard's illness and visit to the Neilgherries; the missionaries sent away from Bombay.

The Turkish Empire.—Dr. Goodell's "Forty Years in the Turkish Empire," Anderson's "Oriental Churches," Hamlin's "Among the Turks." Incidents: Peshtimaljian's School; Nicomedia, "The Dairyman's Daughter;" Marsovan, Tracts in Beirut; work among the Greeks; visit of the Collings to Hadjin.

China.—Note the beginnings at Foochow, at Peking, Kalgan, Tung-cho, in the North China Mission, the Shansi Mission, the Oberlin Band.

Japan.—Dr. Hepburn's work of translation; Beginnings, by Dr. Greene; Kobe College; Kyoto—The Doshisha, see Hardy's "Life of Neesima."

Africa.—The Zulu Mission: The wars of Dingaan; the destruction of Mr. Grout's "Star" ordered; the mission to be abandoned; English possession. West Central Africa Mission: Walter Bagster's life and death; the mission driven out by Kwi-Kwi. East Central Africa Mission: Pinkerton's exploration and death; Inhambane; Gazaland.

Mexico.—Miss Rankin's Girls' School; her Bible work. Western Mexico: Death of Stevens; stoning of Mr. and Mrs. Watkins; mission recommenced by Mr. Crawford. Northern Mexico: Chihuahua; Parral, "Here live the demons;" Hermosillo.

The Islands.—Hawaiian; Obookiah; the idols cast away; tabu broken; scarcity of food for the missionaries. Micronesian: Ponape, Apaiang, Kusaie, Ruk. See "Work of God in Micronesia," published by the American Board.

Many incidents will be found that prove God's wonderful care of these vines of his own planting, and that will prevent this study from becoming a mere record of names and dates. The *Mission Studies* for October will furnish data for those who have not access to missionary libraries.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR.

MRS. J. B. LEAKE, TREASURER.

RECEIPTS FROM JULY 18 TO AUGUST 18, 1894.

ILLINOIS.

BRANCH.—Mrs. W. A. Talcott, of Rockford, Treas. Alton, Ch. of the Redeemer, 13.50; Buda, 10; Chicago, "Friends," 9.50; Englewood, Pilgrim Ch., 33.58; Lincoln Park Ch., 10; Cheltenham, Dr. C., 5; Emington, 1; Granville, 10; Geneseo, 14; Hinsdale, 55; Highland, 5; Hamilton, a Friend, 1; Kewanee, 30; Princeton, 13.50; Peoria, First Ch., 12.35; Rollo, 25 of wh. Miss Leida Clapsaddle to const. self L. M., 30; Rockford, interest on legacy Mrs. H. A. Sanford, 32; Shabbona, 8.45; Somonauk, 8, 301 88

JUNIOR: Chicago, Lake View Ch. of the Redeemer, 15; Glencoe, 10; Galesburg, First Cong. Ch., The Philergians, 25.75; Illinois, Miss M. E. D., 5; Payson, 15, 70 75

JUVENILE: Abingdon, Busy Bees, 14 03; Chicago, Tabernacle Ch., three boys, 4.10; Union Park Ch., 8 28; Thawville, 2.50, 28 91

SUNDAY SCHOOL: Abingdon, 19 06

C. E.: Ridgeland, 10 00

JUNIOR C. E.: Aurora, New England Ch., 5 00

Total, 435 60

IOWA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. C. E. Row, of Grinnell, Treas. Cedar Rapids, 1.50; Charles City, 28; Cherokee, 18, Mrs. C. E. Wellman, 25; Clarion, Mrs. Houston, 11; Des Moines, Plymouth Ch., 13.52; Dubuque, First Ch., 11; Garner, 5.05; Glenwood, 6; Grinnell, 13.50; Le Mars, 4.30; Magnolia, 3; McGregor, 7.25; Ogdon, 3.75; Ottumwa, 8.20; Shenandoah, 5.75; Victor, 5, 172 82

JUNIOR: Chester Township, No. 8, 2.40; Grinnell, Iowa College, Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A., 46.92; Shenandoah, 1.29, 50 61

JUVENILE: Cedar Rapids, Busy Bees, 80 etc., Earlville, 66 etc.; Grinnell, Busy Bees, W. B., 3.85; Webster City, Cheerful Givers, 15, 20 31

C. E.: Le Mars, 6 05

SUNDAY SCHOOLS: Eldora, 2.04; Iowa Falls, 1.20, 3 21

FOR THE DEBT: Dunlap, a Friend, 1 00

SPECIAL: Grinnell, Iowa College, Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A., for church in Philippopolis, 50 00

Total, 304 03

KANSAS.

BRANCH.—Mrs. W. A. Coats, of Topeka, Treas. Atchison, 18.85; Carson, 3.75; Ford, 3.50; Sabetha, 17.85; Smith Center, 4; St. Mary's, 3; Wabauisee, 5.50,	56 45
JUNIOR: Onaga,	2 00
C. E.: Carson, 2.39; Leavenworth, 10; Topeka, Rev. L. P. Broad, 5,	17 39
JUNIOR C. E.: Smith Center,	85
	76 69
Less expenses,	7 92
Total,	68 77

MICHIGAN.

BRANCH.—Mrs. Robert Campbell, of Ann Arbor, Treas. Constantine, 9; Chelsea, 13; Cheboygan, 8.63; Flint, 13.05; Greenville, 12; Jackson, 41.20; Gilead, 1.12; Litchfield, 20; Lansing, Plymouth Ch., 5.82; Morenci, 5.70; Pontiac, 2.40; Stanton, 5; Three Oaks, 5.55,	142 47
JUNIOR: Morenci, C. E.,	3 00
JUVENILE: Covert, Band of Hope, 1; Detroit, Woodward Ave. Ch., King's Cup Bearers, 8; Kinderhook, Miss Holly Lanhphar, for work in Turkey, 1; Litchfield, Busy Workers, 5,	15 00
Total,	160 47

MINNESOTA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. J. F. Jackson, 139 E. University Ave., St. Paul, Treas. Elk River, 15; Excelsior, 1.30; Minnesota, a Friend, 40,	56 30
JUNIOR: Minneapolis, Plymouth Ch., C. E.: Hutchinson, 12.50; Medford, 1.70; Spring Valley, 25,	39 20
JUVENILE: Stillwater, Grace Ch.,	3 50
SUNDAY SCHOOLS: Excelsior, Birthday Fund, 3.30; St. Paul, Plymouth Ch., 1.92,	5 22
FOR THE DEBT: Mankato, C. E.,	2 10
	131 32
Less expenses,	12 50
Total,	118 82

MONTANA.

UNION.—Mrs. Herbert E. Jones, of Livingstone, Treas. Castle, 2.50; Helena, 10,	12 50
Total,	12 50

OHIO.

BRANCH.—Mrs. Geo. H. Ely, of Elyria, Treas. Akron, First Ch., 20; Andover, 12; Austintown, 20; Claridon, 42; Cleveland, Euclid Ave. Ch., 141.82; First Ch., 20; Franklin Ave. Ch., 10; Cuyahoga Falls, 2.56; Kinsman, 30; Mt. Vernon, 25; Pittsfield, 10; Sullivan, 5; Toledo, Central Ch., 7.50; Washington St. Ch., 16,	361 88
JUNIOR: Painesville, Y. L. M. S.,	30 00
C. E.: Brooklyn, 9; Cleveland, Euclid Ave. Ch., 15,	24 00
JUVENILE: Berea, Willing Workers, 4.11; Wakeman, M. B., 10,	14 11
SUNDAY SCHOOLS: Cleveland, Euclid Ave. Ch., Prim. Dept., 6.03; Ft. Recovery, 36 cts.; Wauseon, 26 cts.,	6 65

FOR THE DEBT: Oberlin, a Friend,	10 03
THANK OFFERING: Cleveland, First Ch.,	16 15
SELF-DENIAL: Claridon,	1 00
SPECIAL: Hartmar, Mrs. Norton, for new church at Philippopolis	50 00
Total,	513 82

PENNSYLVANIA.

Conneaut,	7 20
Total,	7 20

SOUTH DAKOTA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. C. S. Kingsbury, of Sioux Falls, Treas. JUVENILE: Howard, S. S., Birthday Box,	2 21
Total,	2 21

WISCONSIN.

BRANCH.—Mrs. R. Coburn, of Whitewater, Treas. Arena, 2d Ch., by Mrs. Bovee, 2; Ashland, 15; Darlington, 10; Eau Claire, 20; Fond du Lac, 25.60; La Crosse, 5; New Richmond, 11.55; Ripon, 36.40; Stoughton, A. B. S., 3; West Superior, 18; Whitewater, 30,	177 55
FOR THE DEBT: Moscow, Minn., Mrs. James M. Bennett,	10 00
JUNIOR: Burlington, 16.50; West Salem, C. E., 3,	19 50
JUVENILE: Milwaukee, Grand Ave. Ch.,	25 00
	232 05
Less expenses,	4 64
Total,	227 41

Will local treasurers remember that the Treasurer's books close Sept. 15, 1894.

WYOMING.

UNION.—Mrs. H. M. Smith, of Rock Springs, Treas. Rock Springs,	3 25
Total,	3 25

CALIFORNIA.

"La Fiesta," with interest,	50
Sacramento.—Lord's Tithes, 10, Thank Off., 15,	25 00
Total,	25 50

JAPAN.

Kobe.—Miss. Soc. of College,	10 72
Total,	10 72

CORRECTION: In January LIFE AND LIGHT Y. P. S. C. E. of Japan was credited with 30.07, which should read 19.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For traveling expenses, 7.92; sale of leaflets, 10.09; boxes, 92 cts.; envelopes, 1.50,	20 43
Receipts for the month,	1,910 73
Previously acknowledged, less 11.07 (see Japan above),	37,341 15
Total since November 4, 1893,	\$39,251 88

Miss JESSIE C. FITCH,
Ass't Treas.



DR CYRUS HAMLIN.

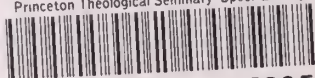
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I-7 v.24

Life and Light for Woman

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library



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